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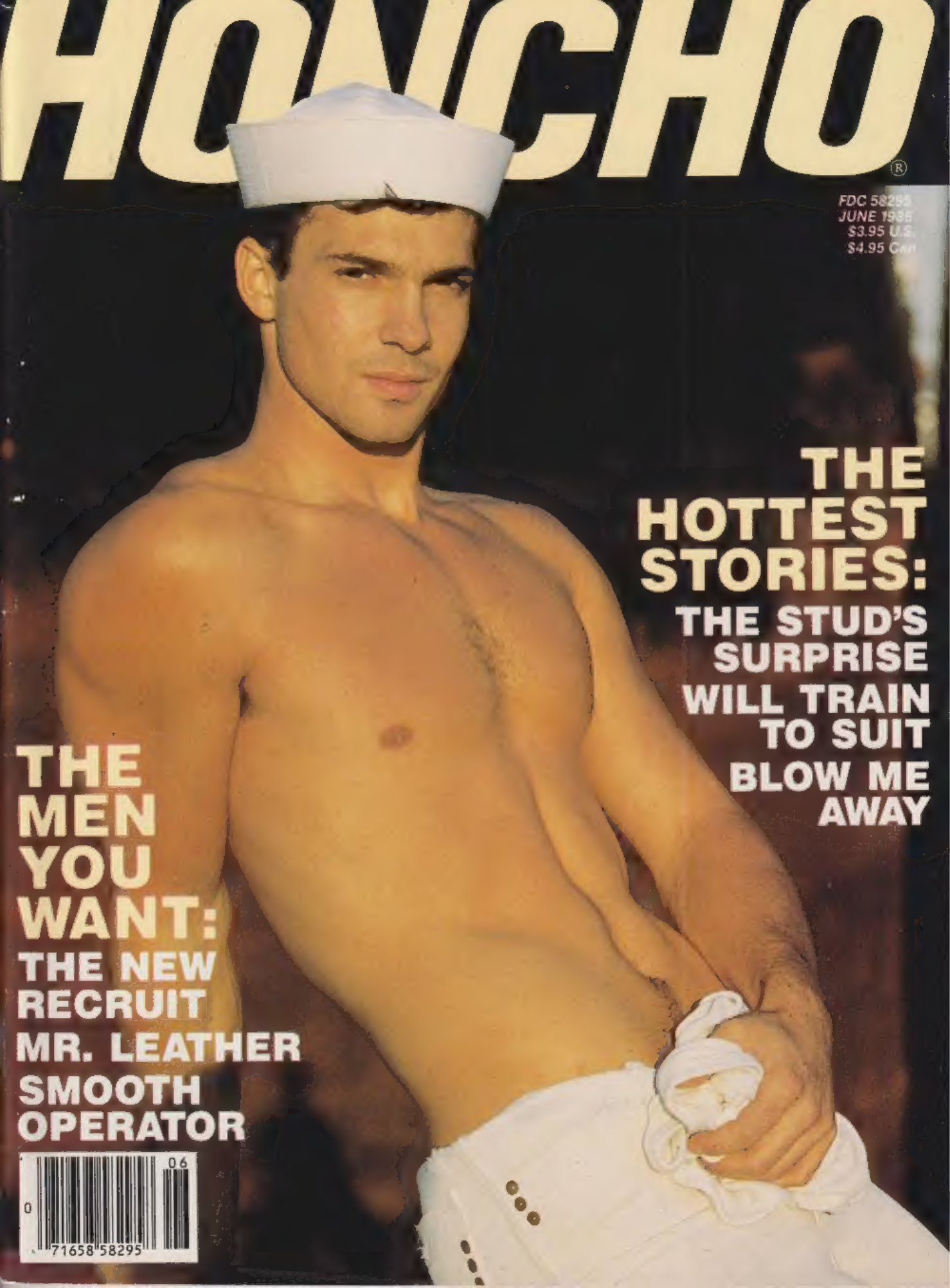

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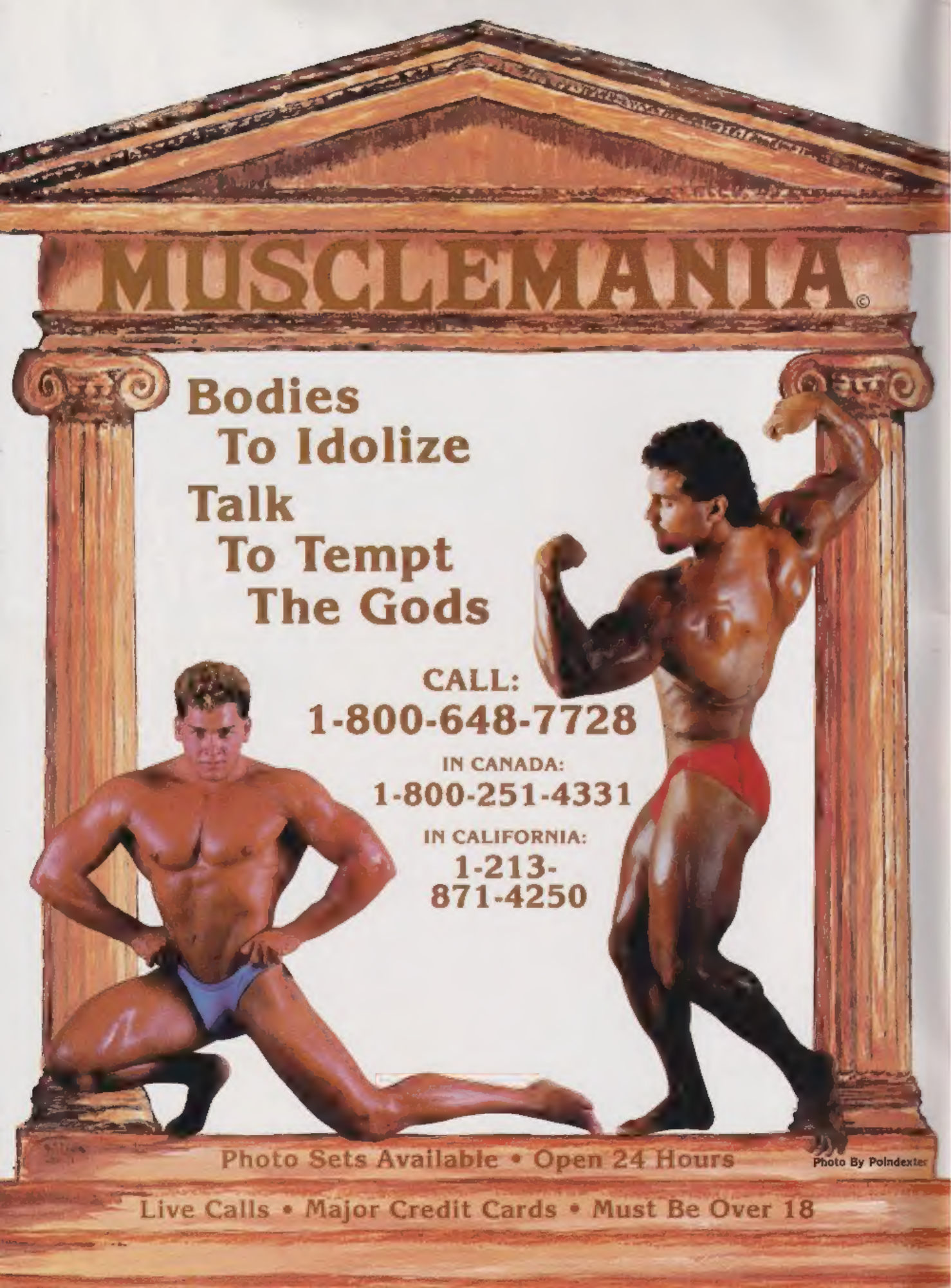
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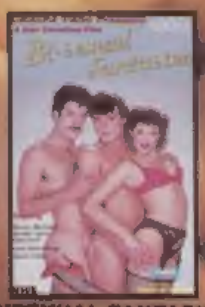

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HONCHO

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JUNE 1986
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COVER BY LOBO STUDIOS

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CHARTER MEMBER
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BLOW ME AWAY

By Josh Lloyd • Art by R. A. Shultz

We sat in the back of the bus. As it pulled out of the terminal, he whispered, "Are you a moaner?"
"What?"
He squeezed my thigh and whispered, "If you keep your mouth shut I can fix that sticky gearshift knob for you."

"Wanna go to my place?" he breathes in my ear.

"Sure." I say. I figure it's nearby. My place is in the Bronx, a long ride by subway.

"So what are we waiting for, Cody?" he asks and clutches my crotch. I groan, partly because I'm turned on and partly because I can't believe he's fallen for it. In a bar called Saddlehorn, wearing a cowboy hat and brand-new red lizard boots, I wasn't gonna use my real name, Paul Manetti. Still, Western drag can't disguise my dark hair, olive skin, and the snarling black panther tattooed on my left forearm. Do I look like a Cody? Shit, no!

We get in a cab and I pay no attention to what he tells the driver. I don't notice nothing but the trick's mouth at my crotch. The driver's cool and pretends not to notice as the trick pulls out my equipment and starts sucking me off. I said starts. His lips are still eating my rod, and my balls are straining but still holding their load, when the cab pulls up in front of the Port Authority.

"What the hell?" I shout.

The driver turns around and smirks. The trick lets my eight inches slide out of his throat. My meat is swollen fit to burst its skin. It's standing up like a red flag, and it's dripping with spit. I'm not crazy about another person's spit. Still, I can cope with it at the proper place and time. But parked

can do anything. Grass, booze—no shit. The driver's got nowhere to stop, and anyway he's scared to. He knows he's outnumbered. C'mon, guys, gimme a break. I didn't score tonight and I'm goddamn horny."

"Fucking's a far cry from grass and booze," begins Daddy.

Red can't argue with that, so he does the only thing that'll let him win the battle. He shoves his ass in Big Daddy's face. For a slim guy it's mighty plump, and the juicy hams are peppered with freckles. I don't hear another word from Daddy, just the jingle of his belt buckle and zipper.

Red swoops down on my cock. I can tell immediately this sucker is Olympic material. No sloppy drooling and no wishy-washy swipes of the tongue. He gets right to the main event by swallowing my hot eight inches and squeezing it in the powerful tunnel of his throat. He doesn't break rhythm, not even when Horny Daddy plugs him on the first try, after first greasing his rod with plenty of spit. I have to admire Red for that. I know how hard it is to concentrate on giving a blow-job when somebody's setting off a million explosions in your ass. For a minute I envy Red, because he's getting the best of both of us, but then I close my eyes as the pressure starts to mount. I feel the first blast of cum shoot into Red's throat, and I bite my lip to keep from yelling. A moment later I yell anyway, because someone or something is spoiling my blast-off by tugging me back to earth. Tugging on my feet!

Stifling an impulse to kick out blindly and viciously, I look down at the floor. A gross little troll crouches next to Red's shuddering body. The last time I saw somebody that old was in the Egyptian section of the Museum of Natural History. I wonder how he scraped up the three dollars for bus fare. I'm too shocked to do more than stare at his ragged form. He grins toothlessly and tries to pull off my lizard boots.

I whisper, "Get away from me, you rotten shrimper!"

Trollface doesn't let go. His beady eyes glitter shrewdly. "I'll tell the driver," he says. His voice is a whisper that could become a scream with the slightest encouragement.

I ease my shrinking dick from Red's throat. For a split-second I think, what do I care? I've already come. But I owe it all to Red and Daddy, who've still got a ways to go. With a sigh I yank off my treasured boots and throw them at the gremlin's face. "Satisfied?" I ask. I brace myself, expecting to feel his slimy tongue lapping at my feet.

Guess again. He sits down in the row ahead of us and removes his grubby sneakers. Chortling joyously, he pulls my shiny new boots over his decaying feet.

Damn! I feel deceived and, strangely, let down. Even though he's a creep, I expected him to join in. Guess I've been reading too many porno stories. I turn my back on him and rejoin the main action. Red's cock is waving like a flag, so I grab it and start gobbling, figuring I owe him one.

"Oh, God! Faster! Faster!" yells Red. Daddy and I don't know which of us he's talking to, so we both speed up the pace.

"Keep your voice down," growls Daddy. Talk about the pot calling the kettle black! I peer past both hunky bodies and see the driver hasn't turned around. Maybe he thinks all this rumbling from the back is the motor. Trollface in the seat ahead is doing his share. He's giggling in a way that suggests he's doing something truly perverse with my boots. When this is over I swear I'm gonna get my boots back even if I have to rip his feet off!

Uh-oh. Trouble. Between chowing down on Red and watching the driver I've forgotten to keep an eye on the remaining passenger. Now I glance up and see him coming toward us, the weirdest expression on his face. He's a lawyer-type with short hair and wire-rimmed glasses. Not a bad body under that white shirt, maroon tie, and gray three-piece suit. His lips are drawn into a grim line. He seems half-scared and half-fascinated, but I can tell he's one of those stuffed shirts whose sense of law and order conquers any baser emotions. I know what he's going to say, and sure enough he starts to say it.

"Excuse me, gentlemen. I realize your sex habits are none of my business, but don't you think there's a time and place—"

He gets no further. The bus speeds around a curve, and Trollface thrusts one red-booted foot into the aisle. Defense Attorney stumbles over the boot, probably scuffing hell out of the shoeshine, and whomps into Horny Daddy's heaving ass. This slams his dick deeper into Red, who squeals, and the three of them collapse in a jumble of arms and legs on the gritty floor.

Me? I have the sense to scramble out from under before it happens. All I miss is Red's cum. It could be pouring down my throat right now instead of splatting uselessly on the bus floor.

I watch them flail around trying to untangle themselves. I get madder and madder. It's their fault I'm in this ridiculous situation. I swear if I get home without a police record I'll never set foot outside the Bronx again.

I reach into the pile, grab the first arm I find, and haul with all my strength. It belongs to Red. I shake the punk till his teeth rattle. "You asshole!" I shout hysterically. "You said it would be okay as long as we were on the turnpike. Now we're off the turnpike. What's going to happen to us now?"

"Relax." Red smiles, but I don't fall for his charm. He jerks his thumb toward the bus driver. "Look, he's not complaining. This stuff goes on all the time. These bus drivers are horny fuckers, but they're on duty so they can't join in. He's probably grateful to us for providing vicarious thrills."

"But what about—" I break off as my question answers itself. Young Lawyer is suddenly minus his tie and jacket. He's flat on his belly on the bus floor with his face in Hot Daddy's lap. His tongue washes over Daddy's cock and balls. Good lord, another spit freak!

Red's looking smug. I want to wipe that know-it-all grin from his face, so I fling my last complaint at him. "What about my three-hundred-dollar boots?"

"Oh, shit." Red looks at Trollface. Trollface tucks his booted feet under his ass and glares back, baring his toothless gums. He curves his hands into claws. "Oh, shit," Red repeats. We steel ourselves for one hell of a battle.

From then on things get pretty rowdy.

Continued to page 40

The redhead in black leather swiveled around in his seat. He looked hot in his black leather. If he wants a fight, I figure I can probably take him. And if he wants to watch Big Daddy deep throating my cock, that's fine with me.

BOOT

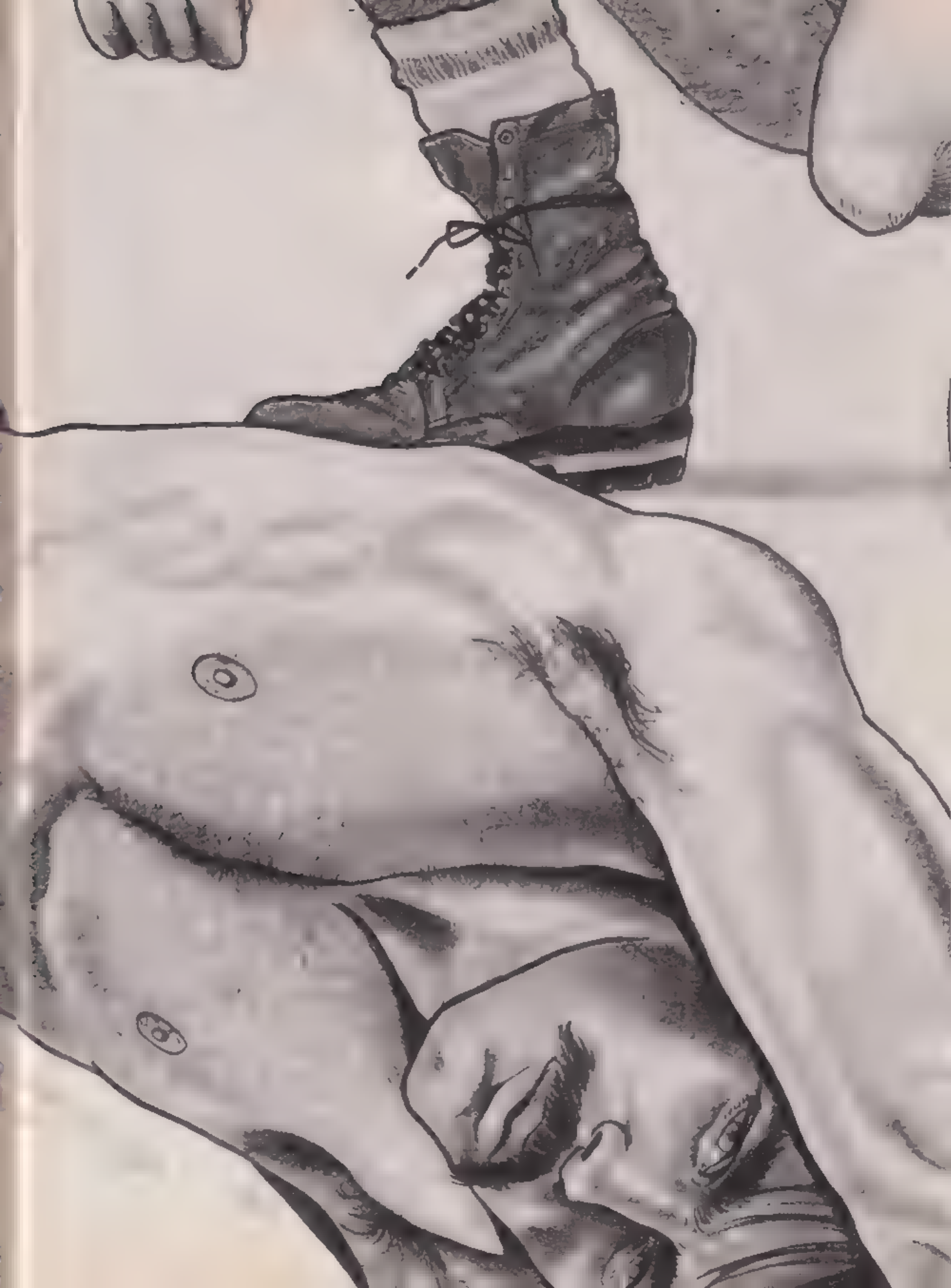
I knew boot camp would be hard. But I didn't know the hardest part about it would be resisting temptation. It was everywhere: swinging in front of me in the communal showers, or winking at me when some dude would bend over to pick up the soap.

By Christopher • Art by Fred Bisonnes

Before I joined the service, nobody told me about boot camp: up at five in the morning; go, go, go all day; lights out at eight. I actually swallowed the recruiting sergeant's spiel about seeing the world, going to exotic places, and meeting interesting people. What he failed to mention was the work, sweat, and mental abuse you go through before any good stuff starts to happen.

Even worse than what you had to put up with in boot camp was what you had to do without. When you're used to a steady diet of sex, going for weeks without can be pure hell. Especially when there are so many temptations swinging around in front of you in the communal showers, or winking at you when some dude bends over to pick up the soap.

I had to be careful to keep my eyes above crotch level; getting a hard-on in the shower can get you into a hell of a lot of trouble. To keep my dick down, I spent a lot of my time thinking about my mother or trying to imagine what new torture the D.I. was going to come up with next. My only relief came late at night, when I'd get up and go to the latrine and pound my meat.



Only then did I allow myself to think about all the hot, humpy bodies in my unit. There was this one guy in particular. Tom Bellamy: a drawl as thick as molasses and a body that made the proverbial brick shithouse look like a wooden stall; powerful arms, wide chest, and legs like pillars, all covered with a dense coat of red hair. His face? Ruggedly handsome with dancing blue eyes that always seemed to sparkle with some secret mischief.

I first saw him in the boot camp receiving station. He was wearing a flannel shirt that clung to every muscle and faded jeans that swelled impressively at the crotch. When I found out that we had been assigned to the same bunk, I was elated—until the realization hit me that if I ever tried to mash my face into his crotch I'd wind up with said face mashed into the back of my skull. So I resigned myself to beating my meat and fantasizing about him.

The next two weeks were get-acquainted time for me and my bunk-mate. A farm boy straight from the backwoods of Tennessee, Tom had never been off the farm before. He was a real likable guy, but he had one habit that drove me crazy: scratching his nuts through his khakis as he talked to me. It was hard to keep my mind on the conversation.

One day about halfway through camp, I was walking fire-watch and needed to take a piss. In the head, I started fantasizing about Tom and got a raging hard-on. Just thinking about his body got me real hot, and I started to jack off. I was so into my hand-job that I didn't hear anyone come in. All of a sudden I heard this soft drawl: "You got problems, too, huh?"

I froze and my dick started to wilt rapidly. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Tom. He looked like a Viking with his broad shoulders, chest tapering down to a rippling abdomen, and dense coat of red hair disappearing into white skivvies. Even with the loose boxer shorts, his cock was outlined in the fabric, a large tube running down the side of his leg almost to the edge. It almost looked like he had a hard-on.

Embarrassed, I stuffed my dick back into my pants and turned to go, trying to avoid his eyes.

"Hey, where ya goin'? No need to look so guilty. Everybody gets horny and wants to jerk off sometimes, specially since there ain't no women allowed on base." He started telling me about the girls he knew back in Tennessee, and what he used to do with them. Soon my eyes were wandering down to his crotch, and there they remained. He was rubbing and groping it, and the bulge in his skivvies was getting bigger and fatter. I was mesmerized.

"You like what you see, don't ya?"

I stammered and searched for an answer, but failed to find one.

"You know what I think?"

I shook my head numbly.

"You like what you see, don't ya?" he asked. "You know what I think? I think I've been bunking with a faggot all this time." Suddenly he grabbed me by the shoulders and threw me to my knees. "Get down there where you belong, cocksucker. I got what you want but you're gonna have to show me how much you want it."

"I think I've been bunking with a faggot all this time. I wonder what would happen if I told the other guys we got a faggot in our unit. What do you think?"

I couldn't say anything. Besides, we both knew what would happen: my torment would be never-ending.

Suddenly he grabbed me by the shoulders and threw me to my knees. "Get down there where you belong, cocksucker. I got what you want, but you're gonna have to show me how much you want it." He grabbed my ears, mashed my face into his crotch, and ground his hard-on into my face. "Now, you be a good little pussy mouth and suck my prong like you're s'posed to." When I didn't move, he boxed me upside the head. "I said suck it! And if I feel any teeth, you can give your soul to God, 'cause your ass will be mine." I reached up to pull his cock out of his skivvies, but he slapped my hand away. "Use your lips and your tongue, cocksucker. No hands allowed."

No matter what the fuck books say, that ain't easy. I managed to get my tongue inside his fly, but try as I might, I couldn't get his cock out. He pushed me back roughly, snarled, and pulled out his cock. I'd seen his dick many times in the shower, but it had always been soft. Now, fully engorged, it was an awesome sight: eight fat inches of thickly-veined, uncut manmeat jutting out proudly from a forest of red pubic hair.

He peeled his foreskin back and forth a few times, caressing the head with his fingers. A drop of pre-cum formed at the piss slit and started to fall off the head. "If that hits the ground, you'll clean the floor of this whole shit house with your tongue."

Just in time, I jumped up and caught the drop midair on my tongue. The moment I caught it, he grabbed the back of my head and gave a violent shove forward that buried his prick in my throat all the way to the short hairs. I gagged and tried to pull back. He got a better grip and started pistoning in and out with such ferocity that I was afraid he was going to punch right through the back of my neck.

When he had taken himself past the point of no return, he started hissing through his teeth. "Take it, cocksucker. Take my load. Take it, take it, NOW!" He shoved forward so hard we both nearly fell to the floor, and started dumping his load. It seemed to go on forever. When he finally stopped, I was about to pass out from lack of air.

I pulled back to release him, but he barked, "Don't move, cocksucker. I ain't finished yet." He kept the head of his cock on my tongue as it slowly softened. Finally, he gave a long sigh. I felt a trickle start across my tongue and realized he was doing what he had come to the latrine for in the first place. I nearly choked as the bitter fluid rolled across my palate. I jerked my head back, and his long hose sprayed all over my face and the front of my uniform. I scrambled to get out of the way.

"You fucking asshole!" He kicked me savagely in the side. I curled up on the filthy floor and groaned with excruciating pain. "You move when I tell you to, fuckhead, and *only* when I tell you to. Get your ass back over here and your mouth back on my cock. I told you I ain't finished yet."

I hobbled back up to my knees, and Tom shoved his flaccid cock into my mouth again. He gave a couple of tugs on the shaft and the flow resumed. I choked and gagged as the acrid fluid filled my mouth and ran down my chin. "Swallow it, you fucker. I don't give this to just anybody, and I don't like to see it wasted."

Continued to page 21

Section photographed by
California Dream Machine

THE HIT SACK

and you.

THE
HIT SACK
fleshy rod.

MATT

Neil had discovered the joys of "rest area recreation" by accident one hot summer night. He met a truck driver in the restroom and before he knew it, they were in the man's semi, blowing each other.

HEAVY HAULERS

By E. Wayne Ingle • Art by Matt

The sun was beginning to dip below the Tennessee hills, and the fall colors burned brightly in the last rays of the October afternoon. Cruising down the interstate, Neil turned on the running lights of his pickup truck. Hot damn, he thought. Friday night! His dad had stayed late at the garage working on his mom's station wagon after the last customer had driven off. Neil had told him that he wouldn't be home for supper and would grab a hamburger somewhere.

His headlights snaked through the rapidly darkening hills. A hundred and fifty yards ahead, they fell on the reflective surface of a sign: "REST AREA ½ MILE."

"Pickle Park" was how it was known over the CB. For Neil, it was a great place to meet and pick up truck drivers or interstate travelers. Friday nights were always "busy," and he usually got there early, but he'd had trouble installing old Mrs. Bingham's clutch plate. It had set him back a good hour.

Veering off into the large tree-shrouded area, he spotted only one semi parked with its running lights shining the length of the trailer. As he backed into his usual spot, Neil saw the lights of the restroom pavilion snap on, flooding the parking lot with a cold blue light. Presently, the driver of the truck lumbered out of the men's room, adjusting his pants, and climbed up into the cab of the semi. It roared to life and eased out onto the interstate.

Neil pushed a cassette into the slot of his tape player and adjusted the bench seat back as far as it would go. Bruce Springsteen was singing an aching ballad about "driving all night long." The song always put Neil in a reflective mood. What was he doing here? Why wasn't he in town with Bobby, Jackson, and the rest of the guys from the garage? By now, they were probably working on some "serious drinkin'," whooping it up at Zack's Bar, hoping to get a little ass before the morning light. Why wasn't he there? Because he was gay, that's why! "Faggot" was the more usual term in this neck of the woods. He'd never given his feelings a great deal of thought. Since an early age, guys had always turned him on, though he never breathed a word of it to a soul; not even to Bobby, his best friend. He'd played sports and done well. His grades at school were above average, but he'd passed on a chance to go to college in Nashville, choosing instead to stay with his dad at the garage. The business would all be his one day. It pleased his father, and it was work that Neil enjoyed. Why mess up a good thing?

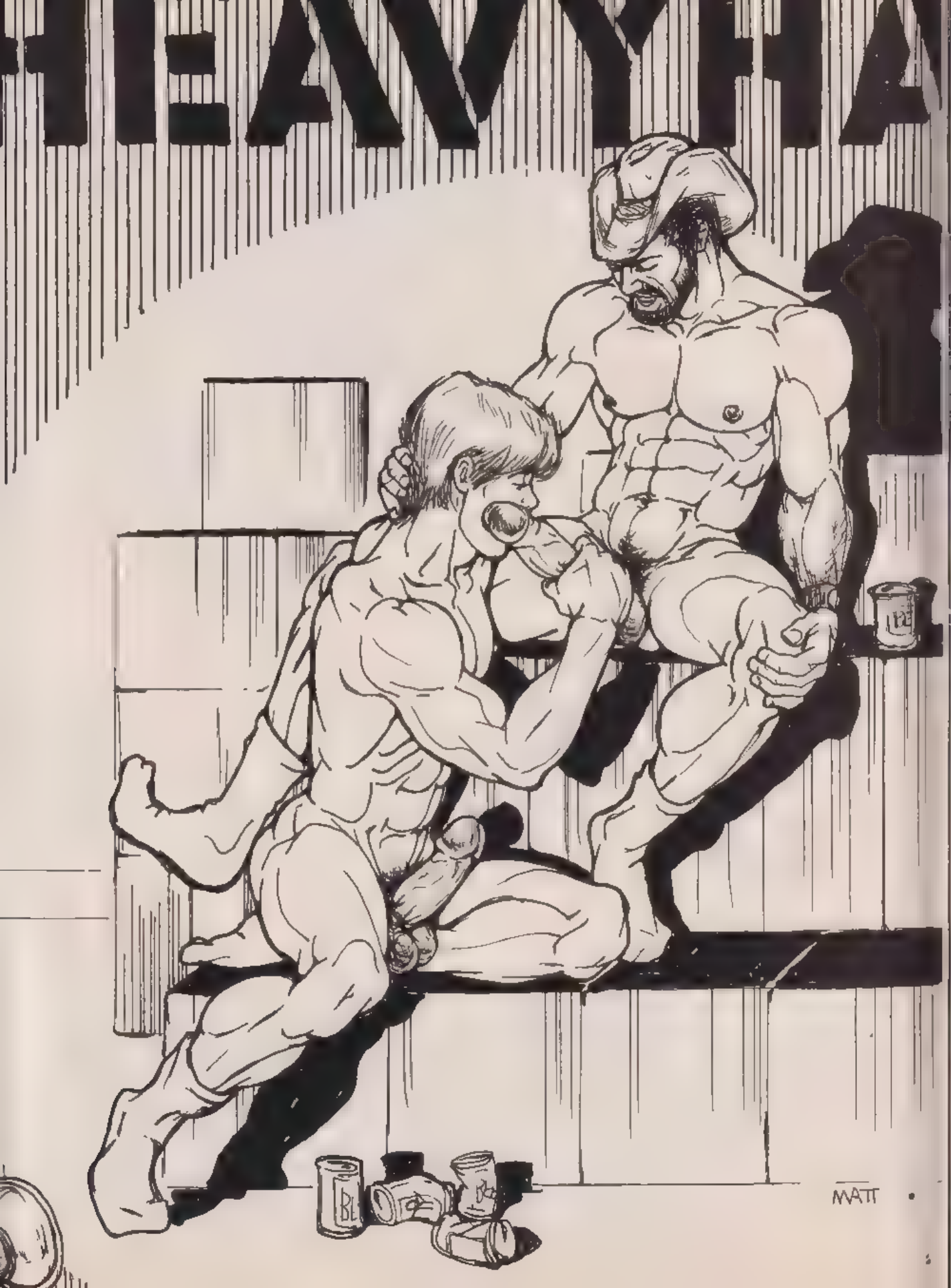
THE FARM

Having no idea about big city gay life, Neil had grown up with the usual boyhood fun: clubhouses, circle jerks with someone's dad's *Playboy* magazines and the like. But when his friends discovered girls, it all ended. Convinced that he was a "late bloomer" and obsessed with cars, no one gave him any static; not even his folks. He was well-adjusted. There was just a little "difference."

Neil had discovered the joys of "rest area recreation" quite by accident one hot summer night a few years back. Coming home late from a parts run to Knoxville, he'd stopped to stretch his legs and take a leak. He met a fellow in the restroom and struck up a conversation. Before he knew it, they were in the sleeper of the man's semi, blowing each other. No names exchanged, no promises made; just pure, unbridled passion. Neil hadn't seen the man since, but he would never forget that night.

His reverie was broken by the approaching headlights of a car. It was a station wagon loaded with weary vacationers. People came through these parts all during the year; not just in the summer months. Dad collected free road maps in the pavilion while Mom herded the three kids into the bathrooms. John, the attendant, was behind the information desk drinking gin from a coffee cup and watching live wrestling on his six-inch, black-and-white portable. John was a good fellow. He knew what went on here, and

MATT


MATT

"We got one of two things goin' on here," said the burly driver, breaking the silence. "Either you're havin' girl troubles or you're out lookin' for sex."
"Let's just say I ain't havin' any girl troubles." Neil replied evenly.

couldn't care less. Provided, that is, the action was limited to the cars and trucks and kept out of the restrooms. After all, he had a job to protect. Many a night Neil had stood in the pavilion talking with John, laughing and drinking while the omnipresent wrestling coverage blared from the back room. He'd even tried to put the move on John once, but the attempt had ended awkwardly. Neil made it up to him by doing some repairs on his car free of charge. From then on, he and John were fast friends. Neil knew that if he ever ran into any rough characters at Pickle Park, John wouldn't hesitate to help.

With everyone back in the car, the little nuclear family resumed its journey toward the Magic Kingdom. Next to the Minnesota plates on the back of the wagon was a freshly applied bumpersticker that urged everyone within reading distance to "SEE ROCK CITY."

Flipping off Bruce in mid-song, Neil locked his truck and walked toward the pavilion. The night was crystal-clear and the stars were blazing. Above the tall pines Neil quickly spotted Orion, his favorite constellation. He could imagine the broad, muscular shoulders of The Hunter tapering down to a compact waist. He wondered if the celestial woodsman, girded with a belt of three stars, was returning from the hunt or just beginning his trek. The air was nippy and sent a slight shiver up the back of Neil's neck. Somewhere, a lone bullfrog sounded his solitary song as if he were the only of his species left on earth.

"What's goin' on, John?" The warm air of the pavilion [illegible] and [illegible] received him [illegible] glass door.

"Why, Neil, you old grease monkey! Where the hell've you been? Ain't seen you in three or four weeks!" John's uneven teeth broke into a crazy grin, which meant that he'd already gotten an early start on his "coffee."

"Been real busy down at the garage. Everybody wants their cars runnin' good before the holidays. Lot of folks travelin' out of town."

"Well, come on over and let me pour you one. Big tag-team match is about to start. The Moonshiners versus The Scott Brothers. You ought to see those 'shiners. They're both big as mules and hung like fuckin' horses! That's whatcha call *real* men!"

"Pour me one up while I go take a piss. Be right back."

Neil's boots echoed in the empty men's room. Positioning himself at the nearest urinal, he began to relieve himself. Shortly, the door opened and an older man in knit slacks and an ill-fitting shirt entered. He took a urinal several down from Neil's. In his peripheral vision, Neil could sense the man staring at him. He wasn't pissing; he was whacking-off as he watched Neil. Feeling sorry for the old guy, Neil just stood there until the man finally climaxed, knees almost buckling under him. If someone wants to stare at me and jerk off, he thought, I'll just take it as a compliment. Without looking back, the old man left in silence.

Checking his hair in the mirror, Neil appraised himself as a pretty good-looking, squarely-built country boy; certainly a suitable object for the fantasies of some highly closeted traveler. His thick brown hair was slightly longer than the city boys were wearing it, but it complemented his naive outdoor look. While he might not be porno film material, he packed enough to fill his comfortable old jeans.

Back at the info desk, John had moved the TV onto the counter. Both of the Scott Brothers were "illegally" ganging up on one of the Moonshiners, much to the audience's displeasure. John found the dirty fighting too much to take.

"Come on, you goddam referee! Are you blind?"

Neil sipped on his drink and watched the staged shenanigans bemusedly. Those Moonshiners were pretty hunky. Their thin tights left little to the imagination. He wondered if John noticed that one of them was uncut.

Throwing back the last of the gin, Neil moved toward the door.

"I'm goin' back to the truck, John. Thanks for the pick-me-up."

"You ought to stay close, Neil-boy. This is gonna be one helluva fight, I'm here to tell ya!" John's eyes never moved from the tiny screen.

"I'll be back in a while."

"Suit yourself."

Outside, the crisp air collided with the slight buzz he'd developed from the gin. Looking up at Orion, Neil whispered in the darkness, "We're both on the hunt tonight, big boy. Hope we're lucky!"

The 18-wheeler slowly entered the park

[illegible] directly across from Neil's pickup. Huge red block letters spelled out "HEAVYHAULERS" along the length of the trailer. It sat for several minutes with the running lights on. Probably gonna grab a few winks, Neil thought. Then he saw the driver, a broad, husky man, come from around the cab and stride toward the pavilion. Neil could make out a scruffy beard underneath the cowboy hat pulled down low. The man wore a down-filled vest over a thick flannel shirt, and his jeans were low slung and loose; ideal for driving.

After the driver disappeared into the pavilion, Neil got out of his pickup and walked around to sit on the hood, his boots resting against the bumper. The only way to get noticed is to be seen. When the driver emerged, he nodded a greeting in Neil's direction.

"Nice night, ain't it?"

"Yeah, it is," Neil returned.

"Waitin' on someone?"

"No...just enjoying the stars."

The driver smiled and walked behind his trailer. He unlocked the heavy doors, swung them back, and secured them open. Neil watched as the man expertly lifted himself up and into the trailer with one arm.

All was quiet again except for the muted intermittent traffic just beyond the trees blind. A few more cars came into the rest area for bathroom breaks and to walk dogs, but soon the place was empty, save for Neil's truck and the HEAVYHAULERS [illegible].

"Hey, buddy! Can you [illegible] a hand for a minute?"

The voice seemed to come from nowhere and it startled Neil. Then he saw the driver's head poking out of the trailer. Neil hopped off the truck hood and approached the trailer. It was only partially full of boxes, and the dim glow of a flashlight revealed that several had tumbled and scattered on the trailer floor. The driver's voice bounced off the walls in hollow tones.

"You can't hurt this shit; it's floor tile, but it gets heavy after a while!"

Climbing into the trailer proved harder than the driver had made it look earlier.

"Hold on, bud, I'll help you."

Neil grabbed the outstretched hand with both of his and was lifted smoothly until he stood in the trailer opening.

"You don't know how much I appreciate this, pal. What's you name?"

"Neil."

"I'm Wayne, but most everyone [illegible] Bear—that's my CB handle."

Fifteen minutes later, two very tired men sat on boxes of linoleum tile facing each other. Their breaths came in clouds, but the work had made them both break into a sweat despite the chilly air.

"Thanks again, Neil. If those boxes slide around too much, they'll end up bustin' all over hell! All I can offer you is a beer. You old enough?" The driver winked.

Bear dropped to the ground from the trailer and returned with a cold six-pack.

"I'd better pull these doors shut. I can just see some Smokey pulling up behind us with his high beams on, and us suckin' foam!"

Both men drank in silence for a while. Bear seemed to be studying him in a quizzical way, but Neil avoided his gaze as he slowly turned the beer can in his hands. The flashlight lit only the small area where they sat; darkness spread in either direction, giving the illusion of [illegible].

"We got one of two things goin' on here," Bear said, breaking the silence. "Either you're havin' girl troubles, or..."

Neil looked directly into his face.

"...or you're lookin' for sex."

Neil spoke very softly. "Let's just say I ain't havin' any girl troubles."

The kiss was hard and insistent. Bear's mouth covered Neil's and his tongue thrust deeply. Backed against the cold metal sides of the trailer, Neil ran his arms up between the driver's shirt and vest and clawed at his back. Bear gently pried Neil's legs apart with his knee and stood between them, his crotch grinding into Neil's.

Neil pulled away from the kiss and held the man's face in his hands. Steely, dark eyes bored into his as Neil's fingers explored the luxuriant beard, tracing around the mouth until Bear smiled. They hadn't spoken; it seemed a shame to.

Bear rocked slowly, dry-fucking. He smelled of inexpensive cologne. His warm breath was tinged with beer.

Sliding down to a sitting position on the dusty trailer floor, Neil rubbed his face into the driver's groin like a cat; he stroked him with nose, lips, and forehead. Bear grunted in response and braced himself against the walls with strong arms; his erection strained in his jeans.

Neil undid the large brass belt buckle and unzipped the jeans, freeing the driver's meat. The spongy head rested against Neil's cheek. He breathed in the moist, manly smell.

He licked and kissed the cock teasingly; he wanted it to last forever. Bear let a hand drop to Neil's head and fingered his hair. Whenever Neil nibbled at the underside of the head, the driver would press into his face, his furry balls resting on the young man's chin.

Finally, Neil took the engorged cock into his mouth and slowly slid down to the base. It was thick, but the length was comfortable. Pubic hairs tickled at his nose as Neil reached around to knead the driver's ass.

Bear began to fuck his face, slowly at first, then with increasing rapidity. Neil encouraged the hard thrusts by pulling the man's ass to him, slamming into his mouth, only to withdraw and shove again.

Sweat began to form on Neil's forehead in tiny beads. The moist slurping sounds echoed within the trailer, and Bear's lip-biting moans joined in. Bear's hands held Neil's head firmly as the sensual onslaught drew to a peak. His cock was so far back in the young man's throat that, when he exploded, Neil couldn't taste the familiar salty-sweet flavor. Neil struggled slightly to breathe as the truck driver delivered the last of his full load.

This was the part Neil hated most. He'd had some truly good rest stop sex in the past, but more often than not, leaving was awkward and unfulfilling. Bear was stretched out on the linoleum boxes sipping another beer. He'd pulled up his jeans, but they were still unfastened and unbuckled. His down-filled vest was tightly rolled under his head as a pillow.

Looking at him, Neil felt a deep sadness...the curse of transience. He got up and headed for the trailer doors.

"Where you goin'?" Bear lifted his hat.

"Uh...guess I'd better head out. You'll be needing to leave soon, yourself, and I—"

"Come back here! I ain't through with you yet!"

Bear pulled Neil playfully down on the boxes and mock-wrestled until he was straddling the boy. Neil looked up into the dark, bearded face split by a wide smile.

"Whaddo you think this is—wham, bam, thank-you, sir?"

With that, Bear plunged into another passionate kiss. He lay between Neil's legs; once again, hard flesh pressed against hard flesh. Quickly pulling Neil's jeans to his knees, the driver swallowed him whole, taking the boy's breath away. Bear's full beard caressed Neil's thighs and balls as the man repeatedly dove to the bottom without pausing for breath.

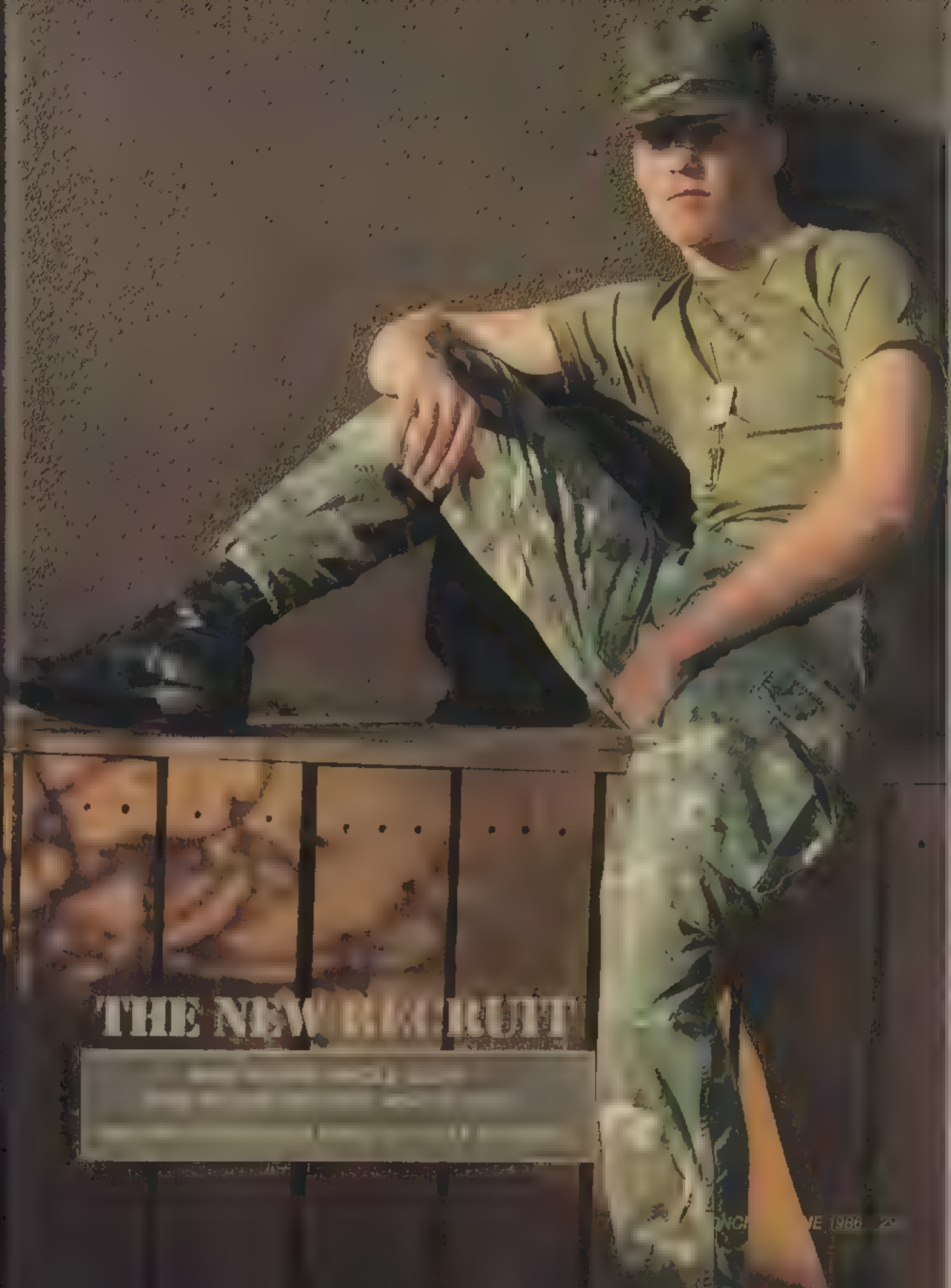
Too much too soon brought Neil to the edge of a shattering climax. He cried out: "Yes...oh, YES! I'm so close!"

Bear stopped and sat up.

"Oh, no you don't, [illegible] wasn't through yet!"

Bear stood up and removed his boots and jeans. Slipping out of his briefs, he stood in the dim light clad only in hat, shirt, and socks. Straddling Neil again, he took the boy's inflamed cock in his hand and

Continued to page 7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I watched, helpless, as he removed the laces from my boots. He sneered as he bound my cock and balls up with one of the boot laces. He tied my balls in such a way that each one was separate and straining, almost to the point of pain, against the limit of my ballsac. "We want to make sure you're having a good time, don't we?"

He stood above me and caressed his cock until a steady stream of pre-cum was flowing down his cock and over his hand. Then he moved around to my head, knelt down over my face, and rested his balls on my mouth. "Lick my balls, cocksucker. I've sweated buckets today and they need a bath." Again, I held my mouth shut. He reached over and grabbed my balls and gave them a hard squeeze. I writhed in pain, but my cock stayed hard. "That's just a taste of what you'll get if you don't do exactly what I tell you."

I opened my mouth and sucked in one of his balls. They were too big to get both of them in. I rolled it around and cleaned it. I tried to get the other one in at the same time. Tom sighed with pleasure as I cleaned one and then the other, rolling them around, sucking, laving them with my spit.

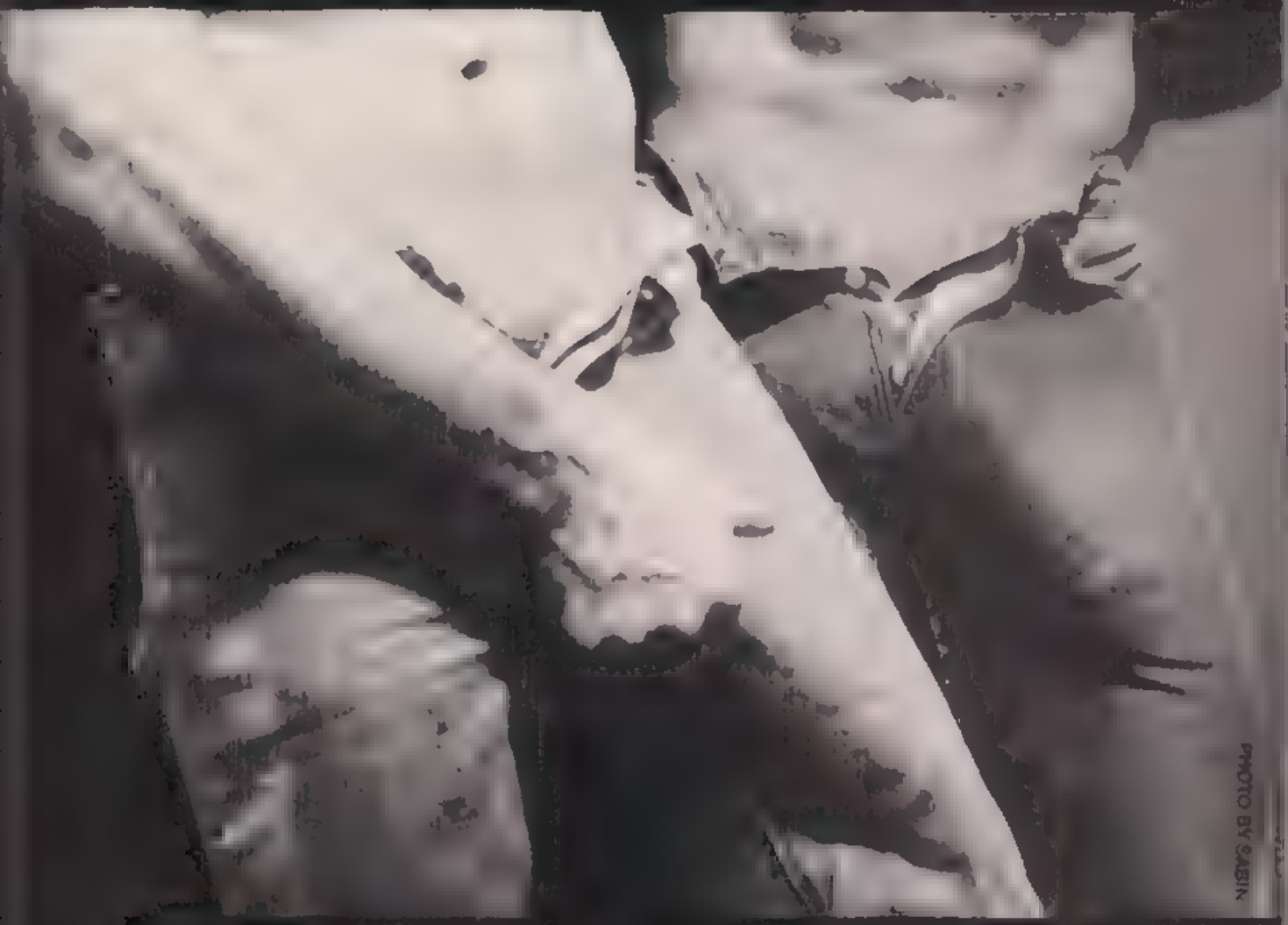
He moved forward slightly and brought his asshole down on my face. "Suck my hole. Lick the sweat outta my asshole." I attacked his shit chute with tongue, teeth and lips, sucking, nipping, and licking all over, savoring the funky taste. Tom jacked on his cock as I rimmed his ass. Suddenly he stood up and bent his cock down violently to stop himself from coming.

When he had calmed himself down enough, he started in with little tortures on my body, beginning with my tits. He pinched and pulled on them till they stood out like small bullets. What he did next surprised the fuck out of me: he dropped to his knees and brought his mouth down, licking and biting on my tits and then moving down my chest. He licked and nibbled his way down my body, and my breathing got heavier and heavier, as I anticipated my cock being engulfed by a warm, wet mouth.

When he reached my navel, he stopped and stood up. Turning around so that he now faced my feet, he brought his crotch down till his prick was right over my face. "Suck it, asshole. Suck my cock real good." He dropped his fuckstick on my mouth. Once again, I tried to refuse by keeping my lips closed. He grabbed my balls and gave them a savage twist. I opened my mouth to scream and he shoved his cock right down my throat.

All I could feel was his prick pumping in and out until he started jerking on my cock and squeezing my balls. By now I was into the whole scene and desperate to come, but every time he saw that I was getting

WHEN TOO MUCH IS **NOT ENOUGH!**



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close he would give my balls a hard squeeze and I would start to lose my hard-on.

This went on for a while, until I could feel his prick throbbing more and more. I hoped he was going to come and be done with me, but when he felt himself getting close to the edge he pulled out and stood up. He looked at me for a moment, savoring my helplessness, then turned and walked back to the camp. I struggled against my bonds half-heartedly. I didn't really want to escape.

He returned in a few moments with a rag. I saw that his cock had gone flaccid and the foreskin had now completely closed. He grabbed the head and started to massage it, skinning it back and forth a few times. I knew what was coming next. Sure enough, a few drops appeared at the head and then he started pissing all over my captive body.

The stream hit my balls full force, and my body jerked at the pain it caused me. Slowly he moved the stream up my torso. My dick hardened to the point of pain. By the time he had reached my face, my mouth was open; I felt like I was dying of thirst. He laughed and aimed directly for my mouth.

I lapped and swallowed as his golden offering ran over my face and was absorbed into the forest floor below. When the flow slowed and finally stopped, Tom fell on top of me and started licking and sucking his own piss off my face, humping his hardening dick against my already hard cock.

I felt the urgency of his thrusts as he humped my body. He started crawling up my chest, bringing his rampant member closer and closer to my face. When his cockhead brushed against my mouth, I raised my head and sucked it through my lips. He raised up on his fingertips and toes and started fucking my face mercilessly. I licked and slobbered all over his hard shaft as he drove his cock home in my throat.

He pulled out suddenly, and I whimpered with the sudden emptiness in my throat. He whipped around, untied my ankles from the trees, and threw my legs over his shoulders. My asshole was now exposed to any onslaught he cared to give. He shoved a couple of his fingers in my mouth, and I wet them down as best I could with my spit. He jerked them out, brought them to my asshole, and shoved first one and then another inside, twisting and fingerfucking me with no concern for the pain he was causing. All he cared about was preparing my ass for his own pleasure.

He jerked his fingers out, bent his head, and let loose with a big gob of spit that landed right on the head of his cock. He took a minute to rub it over his cockhead, mixing it with the pre-cum streaming out of his piss slit, pulling his foreskin back as far as it would go. He positioned his cock at my hole and lunged forward, burying the whole monster shaft right down to the pubic hairs in a single, violent thrust.

I had tried to relax against what was coming, but the sudden intrusion of so much hard cock in my ass tore a loud scream from my throat. Tom stopped and looked down at me with annoyance. He reached around, grabbed the rag he had brought from camp, and stuffed it in my mouth. Once I was effectively silenced, he proceeded to fuck my ass like it was going to be his last piece on earth.

As he humped in and out, I could feel every ridge and vein on his cock. When he shoved all the way in, the head battered my prostate until I thought I would go mad with the need to come. I looked up at his face; he was completely consumed with lust. His lips were drawn back into a grimace and his breath was hissing through clenched teeth.

He grabbed my ankles and brought my legs straight up in a V position, leaned up till all his weight was pressing on my back, and pistoned in and out with maniacal ferocity. He was getting close, and with the battering of my prostate so was I. His thrusts became more frenzied and his face contorted until it looked more bestial than human. His moans and howls sounded like an animal in heat. He dropped to his knees, gave a couple of deep thrusts, and froze. His fuck-stick expanded almost to the point of pain, and he shot and shot and shot. I could feel the massive contractions as spurt after spurt of man-seed came pumping from his balls and splashed into my abused ass. When the first spurt hit my prostate, I came. My first shot hit him in the chin. The following ones smacked my face and ran down my body.

Our mutual orgasm lasted for what felt like hours. When it ended and our cocks were pumping out the last of our seed, Tom relaxed and fell heavily on top of me, his cock still firmly lodged in my ass. As we lay there, he reached up and removed the gag from my mouth. He looked down at me, then lowered his lips to mine and tenderly kissed me, licking the cum from around my mouth. "Some fuck, huh?" he said rather weakly.

I was speechless. Here was a man who had just brutalized my body, fucked with my mind, and all he could say was, "Some fuck." I looked up into his eyes ready to revile him for what he had done, but when I saw his tenderness, I lost whatever I was going to say.

Tom helped me up, untied my wrists, and helped me down to a nearby stream and gently washed me. "You're mine now. You know that don't you?" I nodded. He was right, of course. I was his, absolutely and completely his property. I sat down in the stream with my head lowered, ready to submit to anything he required of me. He grabbed me by the ears and raised me up to look into his eyes. "I didn't hear you say anything!" he shouted.

"Yes, master. Yes, sir. I'm yours."

He released my head and stood back in the water looking at me. He held out his cock to me. I crawled over and took it in my mouth. I ran my tongue under the foreskin and cleaned it with my spit. He sighed and I readied myself for his gift. Sure enough, the piss started flowing. This time I swallowed greedily, drinking it down as fast as he could deliver it.

When he had finished, he ruffled my hair and we went back to camp. We got dressed. Together we started preparing dinner for our comrades-in-arms. ■

Blow Me Away

Continued from page 9

Lawyer and Daddy are humping in the aisle. Red and I corner Trollface in the back row. Clothes are scattered on the seats and hanging from the luggage rack. All this time not one peep from the bus driver. Maybe he's deaf. Or maybe Red's right and he's getting off on the whole thing. I figure that's the only explanation. I plan on thanking him when the ride's over.

We lurch to a stop much sooner than I expect. I can't say anything; Trollface kicks me in the jaw. But Daddy raises his face from Lawyer's flesh and bellows, "What the hell?"

Our driver shouts, "End of the line, you fucking faggots! Everybody off!"

I glance out the window. We're parked practically on the lawn of a suburban police station. Men in blue swarm up the bus steps.

Red slugs Trollface and hands me my cowboy boots. "Don't worry," he says. "I hear you can have fun in jail. Some of those cops are pretty horny."

"Yeah," I mutter. "Just like bus drivers." ■

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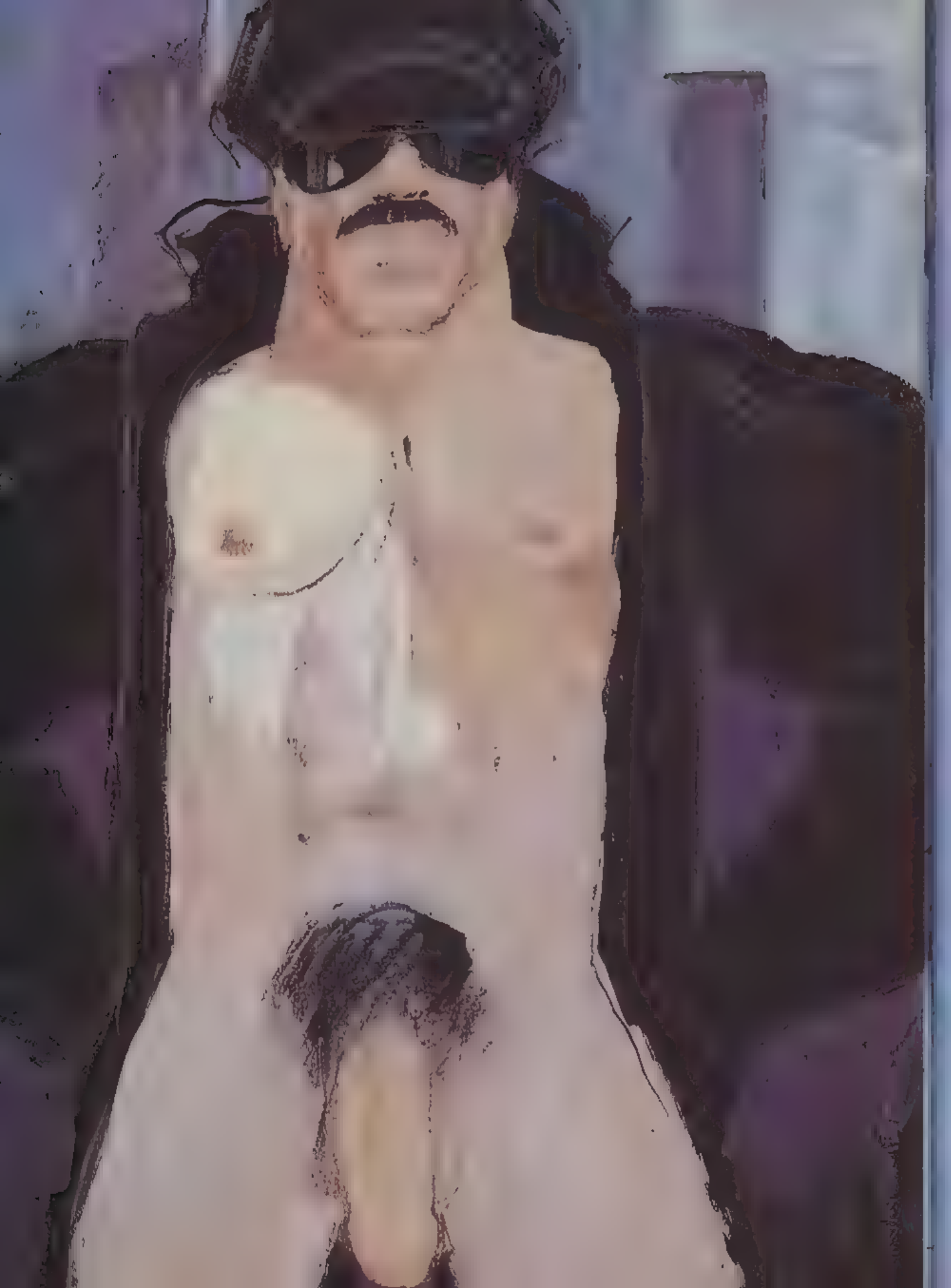


THE STUD'S SURPRISE

BY ROBERT RALPH • ART BY KINSMEN

Xavier was a bite-licking Mexican stud. He told that he attracted stares from both men and women. Don saw him every week at the laundry: the macho Mexican dominated all of his ***sex fantasies.***

Xavier lay on the bed in his small room, exhausted after a long day at the construction site. He was lonely, but he was not feeling sorry for himself. Mexico, his home, was a long way away, and so were all the [illegible] as Dolores, his fiancée. But he [illegible] family needed; he couldn't save enough to [illegible] working in Texas. No wetback status for him. All above board. Work absorbed him six days a week, from morning to night, weather permitting. And apart from what he spent for the bare necessities, every cent of his paycheck went home.

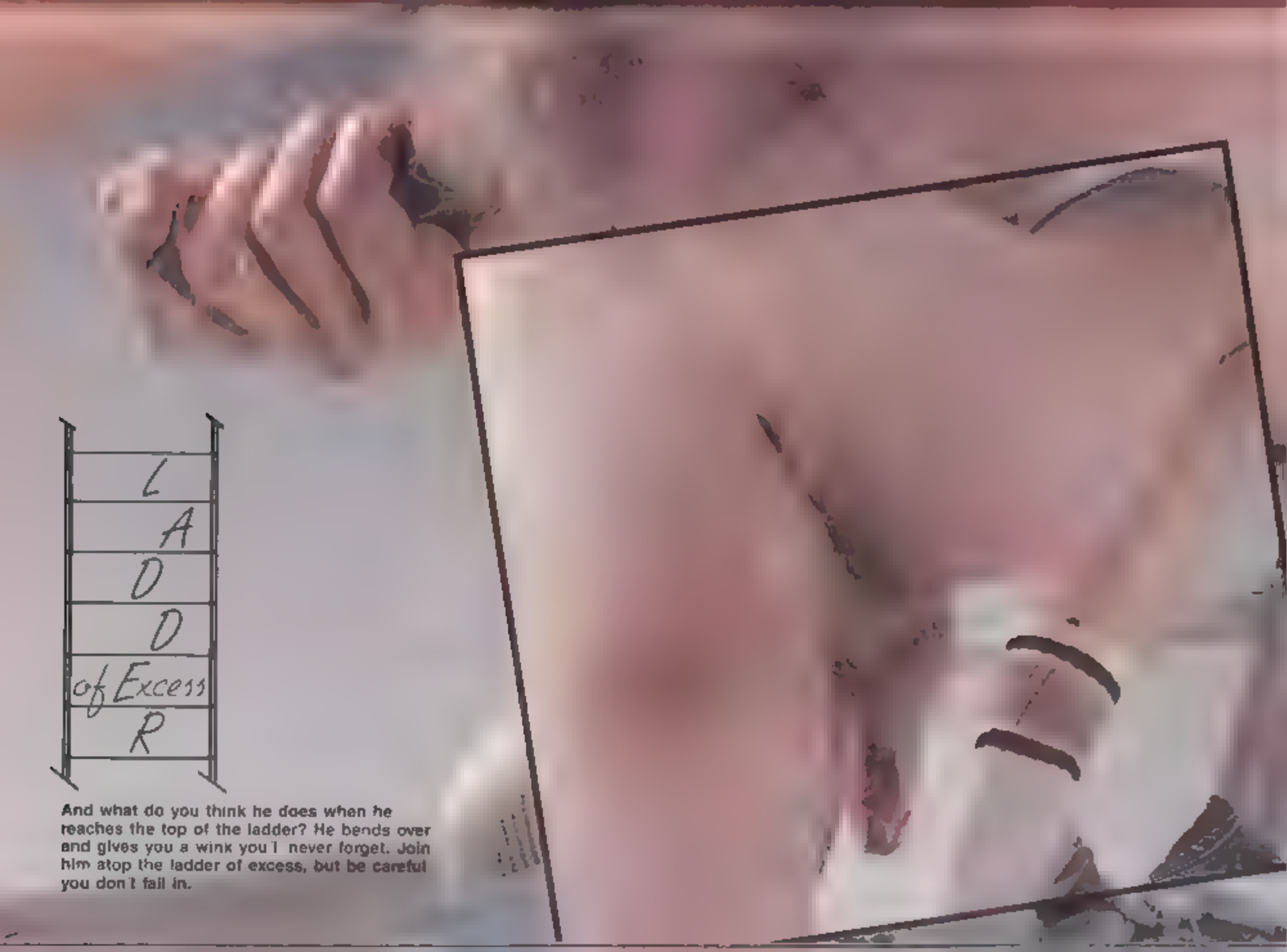
He lay naked on top of the bed, cooling down after his shower, relaxing his tired muscles. His six-foot frame covered the narrow bed, making muscular mounds of dark brown, along the plain spread. The hard work he'd done since his youth had honed his body into a magnificent articulation of rippling flesh. Curly black hair and smoldering eyes capped off this perfect specimen of Latin-American machismo. When he smiled, his even, white teeth contrasted strikingly with his *cafe con leche* skin. He'd grown a full moustache to make his face seem more mature than his 22 years. Circumstances had caused him to grow up early. Very early.

Xavier didn't mind living alone in his crude surroundings, because he knew it was only temporary. A means to an end. The small room with its sparce furniture and single space heater served him well enough. The hardest thing was his driving

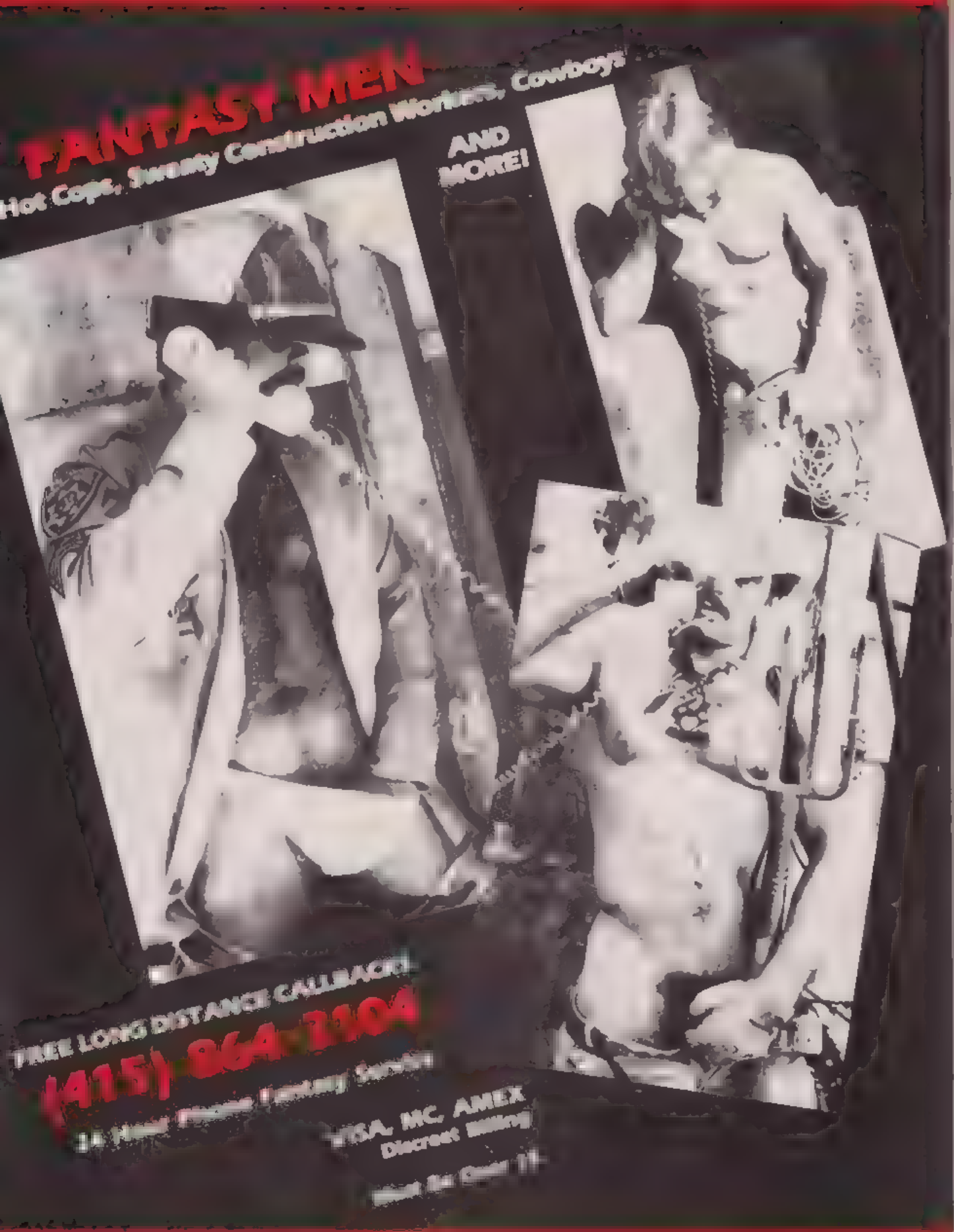
continued to page 51

Just because he's wearing work clothes and is hefting a roll of floor covering doesn't mean his mind is on the job. He's really just a sex-crazed hedonist, and all he wants to do is climb the ladder of excess, rung by rung.

Section photographed by Naakkve



And what do you think he does when he reaches the top of the ladder? He bends over and gives you a wink you'll never forget. Join him atop the ladder of excess, but be careful you don't fall in.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THE STUD'S SURPRISE

Continued from page 51

physical need. His days were long and he worked all the overtime he could get; still, deprivation caused him to walk around most of the time with a roaring hard-on. Even at the job site. Every morning, he would wake up with his manmeat throbbing, a burning tent pole holding up the sheets. He would lie there, thinking about Dolores, his body tingling with the desperate need for a woman. But he had no spare money. Sex was a luxury he couldn't afford. Not speaking much English hampered him as well. It was a terrible predicament.

His strong fingers rubbed across the smooth, unblemished brown skin of his chest, down his flat, hairless stomach, and squeezed the large, oval balls hanging loosely between muscular thighs. His cock stood up a good eight inches, with a two-inch-thick shaft, its purple head thrusting through the ring of uncut flesh. A big drop of pre-cum glistened on the edge of his pisshole. He couldn't help himself. All his thoughts that moment were about Dolores and their last night together before he had come north.

She'd let him do everything that night, everything except put it in. That she was withholding until she had a wedding ring on her finger. She was adamant about it. His urgent professions of love and need couldn't sway her. He thought about her, and perspiration dotted his underarms. His dick stood completely stiff; his nuts ached, ready for release. That night, both of them were entirely naked, except for her sheer, pink panties, their bodies wet with sweat, his pulsing dick jabbing between her legs, hampered only by the thin layer of satin. She gasped with pleasure as he rubbed the hairy-ridged mounds of her sex, pushing against the widening damp spot in her crotch. She even permitted his fingers to reach beneath the elastic and touch her bare flesh, and for one delicious minute he pushed slightly into the burning opening, wet with her desire. But the burning crevice was forbidden to his hard dick. He lay full-length on top of her, her firm breasts mashed against his chest and prodding relentlessly against him, as he attacked the locked gate of her underwear. The wide head of his dick managed to poke inside her about an inch, the meshy fabric taut over the tip. Her moans of desire heightened his passion. His chest heaved, his heart pounded.

"Please, my darling. Please. I *need* you. I want you. Let me put it in!"

dbd DON BEAVERS

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"No, Xaviar, no!" she wailed, pulling away from him slightly

"We're so close. So *close*!" he whispered

She locked her legs around his waist, rubbing her panty-shielded body against the ridge of his rocky dick

"When we're married," she teased hunching provocatively and wiggling her hips. "Only then!" The heat of her body took him over the edge and brought him off

"*Aye, carramba*!" he screamed and unloaded all over her stomach. Thick, creamy pellets splattered between her breasts. He kept hunching until he went soft. Her underwear was saturated with his spent load

The thought of that night had Xaviar stretching his dick and pulling it wildly. He arched off the bed, and his nuts hovered right at the edge. His fingers whipped the shaft furiously

"*Querida! Querida!*" he muttered as he jacked off to climax. The fiery cum peppered his chest and ran into his navel. He pulled and tugged his dick until every last sensation had run out. It eased the tension, but he felt unfulfilled. He needed body-to-body contact. Desperately

The following Sunday morning, he walked the short distance to the large, coin-operated washeteria near his rooming house to do his laundry. At first, Xaviar was oblivious to the stares of the young, blond student nearby. But the boy was eating him up with his eyes

Don had seen Xaviar the moment he entered, and couldn't keep from staring at the hunk in the embroidered shirt with the pearlized buttons. The faded blue denims clung to his body and exposed a sizeable box. The snakeskin boots were polished like glass. He was one of the sexiest men Don had ever seen. His leather coat and cap accentuated the appeal

Xaviar went about his business, his thoughts far away, until he glanced around and caught Don staring at him. Don smiled. No question about it, the blond boy was cruising him. Xaviar grinned and reached down to grope himself. Don knocked over the pile of clothes he was folding. Xaviar grinned even more broadly. The cat-and-mouse game continued, until Don finished and left rather abruptly

Xaviar didn't dwell on the incident. A lot of men on the construction site were constantly being approached by guys. The men joked with each other about it, and dismissed it. The incident with the blond was forgotten almost as quickly as it had begun. But the attention had bolstered Xaviar's ego.

The following Sunday morning when Xaviar returned to the washeteria, Don was there again. The looks the gringo gave the chicano were bolder than before. Xaviar played along; he found every excuse to touch his manmeat, pull on it, lift

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it, check it out. Don's neck and face flushed red, and Xaviar began to consider the possibility of putting his rod up the blond boy's well-rounded ass. It wasn't something he knew much about, and he had no practical experience. But it was plainly being offered.

Slowly, Xaviar unbuttoned his shirt, exposing his well-defined pecs. He rubbed down the ridges of his stomach and toyed with his navel. Don's mouth went dry. His heart pounded when Xaviar removed the shirt entirely, revealing his entire torso—smooth, brown skin dominated by two chocolate-brown nipples. Don locked eyes momentarily with Xaviar, smiled slightly, and nodded. Xaviar considered taking the boy home and fucking him, but his Latin machismo put a stop to such thinking. He quickly finished his laundry and left. He noticed that his dick was semi-hard; that led to some confusion.

The next Friday was payday, and Xaviar had Saturday off for a change. He went to the post office, got his money order, and waited in line to send it off to his family. He always felt a strong sense of accomplishment each time he handed his weekly over to the postal clerk. With the rest of his day free, and no money to speak of, he decided to go to the zoo, a pleasant and relaxing pastime.

As he left the post office, a car drove into the parking lot and out stepped Don. A sleeveless T-shirt and white shorts plastered to his tanned, blond body outlined his ass. When he spotted Xaviar, he stopped short. Xaviar smiled and groped the shit out of himself. Blood was rushing into his cock. As they got even with one another, Don mustered his courage and said, "Good morning."

Xaviar, slightly flustered, muttered that he didn't speak much English, and blushed.

"Well, *buenos dias*," Don said.

"Oh, you speak Spanish?" Xaviar asked in his native tongue, feeling much more at ease. By now, his dick was almost completely stiff, and poking out at a rakish angle.

"Enough to get by," Don replied. They stood staring at each other in an uncomfortable silence. Xaviar dropped one hand, lifted his box in a deliberate gesture, and squeezed himself in a long, sweeping movement. Don's eyes were riveted to the cylinder of flesh encased in the strong, brown fingers.

"Do you live near here?" Don asked. "I...have a tiny room, not far away."

"Good. Lead the way," Don said, intending to make the most of this chance meeting which had deposited the hunky day laborer in his path.

"Well...I don't know..." Xaviar stammered. He felt his cock shoving against his pants, and the movement wasn't lost on Don. Xaviar wrestled it under control.

"You'll be glad you did," Don whispered, his meaning crystal clear.

Xaviar followed and got into Don's car. He scrunched down in the seat like a fugitive and muttered monosyllabic directions.

Xaviar kept apologizing about the place all the way down the dimly lit hall. Don could have cared less. Xaviar was the only thing on his mind.

As soon as they were barely inside, Don pulled the shades and plunged Xaviar's room into dark shadows. He planted himself in front of his prey and, button by button, opened Xaviar's shirt, kissing the naked flesh as each button parted, until he had reached the cold, harsh expanse of belt buckle. With his tongue plastered against Xaviar's navel, Don loosened the buckle and began to unbutton the fly. Xaviar's dick swelled into a large, protruding lump, but Don deliberately avoided it with his tongue. He peeled away the shirt, leaving the smooth-skinned, muscle-ridged chest naked to his moist attack. Xaviar's cries of pleasure echoed in the small room again and again. Don licked lower, dropping Xaviar's pants to his ankles in one swift move. The underwear followed, allowing Xaviar's stiff rod to stand up to its fullest. His big ballsac, ringed with curly black hair, made two lemon-sized mounds beneath it.

Don eased him out of the clothes and, tonguing his nipples, walked him slowly and awkwardly to the bed. Xaviar fell onto it with a thud and put his beefy arms behind his head. Don would have to do all the work, but he didn't mind. He'd enjoyed trade before. He'd take this hunk any way he could get him.

With one hand he manipulated Xaviar's dick, fondling it, wiping the sticky pre-cum all over the wide head. With his other hand, he explored the firm body, stroking eyelids, neck, and nipples and lingering at the navel. Xaviar warmed to the wonderful titillation. His dick dribbled ropes of whitish, syrupy strands. His chest heaved as his breathing grew heavier. He rattled rapid-fire terms of endearment in Spanish, picturing Dolores in his mind.

"Good..good..." Don whispered. "You're getting there."

Don worked the hard dick faster and faster, squeezing gently as he pulled it up and down. Xaviar's magnificent rushes began to increase. He was starting to peak and Don knew it. Spasms began all along the blood-gorged dickshaft. Xaviar gripped the bedspread until his knuckles lost their color; he pushed off the bed to heighten the contact.

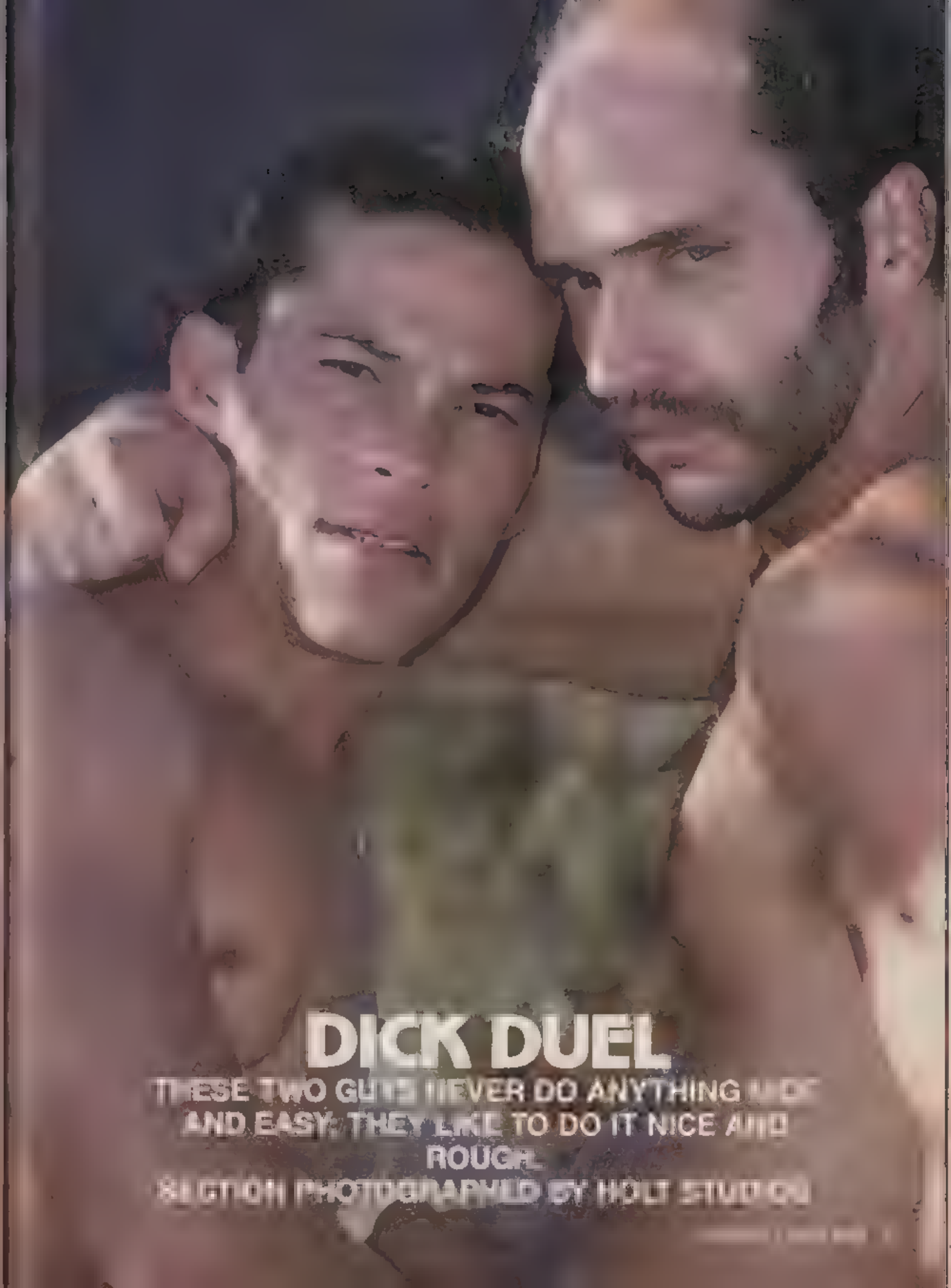
Don chuckled and spit on the tortured dickhead, the sudden slipperiness triggering the final response. Xaviar screamed, and simultaneously Don captured it, taking about three-fourths of the fiery pole down his throat. Xaviar erupted, and Don's spit-wet lips sank to the trembling base and sucked. Hot cum shot down his throat in streams, faster than Xaviar's unintelligible spew of Spanish. Gradually, the sensations tapered off, but Don continued to suck on the softening meat. Xaviar's neck and shoulders were all red.

Don got up and stripped off his clothes. His golden-tanned blondness contrasted sharply with Xaviar's nut-brown coloring. The day laborer was still lingering at the crest of his release when Don lay close beside him and began kissing his body all over. Xaviar, once again, remained inert, allowing Don to take charge. It wasn't long before Don had that big dick standing at attention once more. His own cock—pink, with a bright red circumcised head—throbbed hard. He eased into 69-position to give Xaviar another treat, and was so engrossed that he didn't notice his own balls nuzzling against Xaviar's nose.

Xaviar had had no physical contact in so long. Reluctantly, his tongue reached out to explore the pink sac hanging in his face. The nuts drew up quickly, as much from Don's surprise at the unexpected sensa-

Continued to page 76

Xaviar fell onto Don's bed with a thud and put his beefy arms behind his head. Don would have to do all the work, but he didn't mind. He had enjoyed trade before. He'd take this straight hunk any way he could get him.


DICK DUEL
AND EASY. THEY LIKE TO DO IT NICE AND
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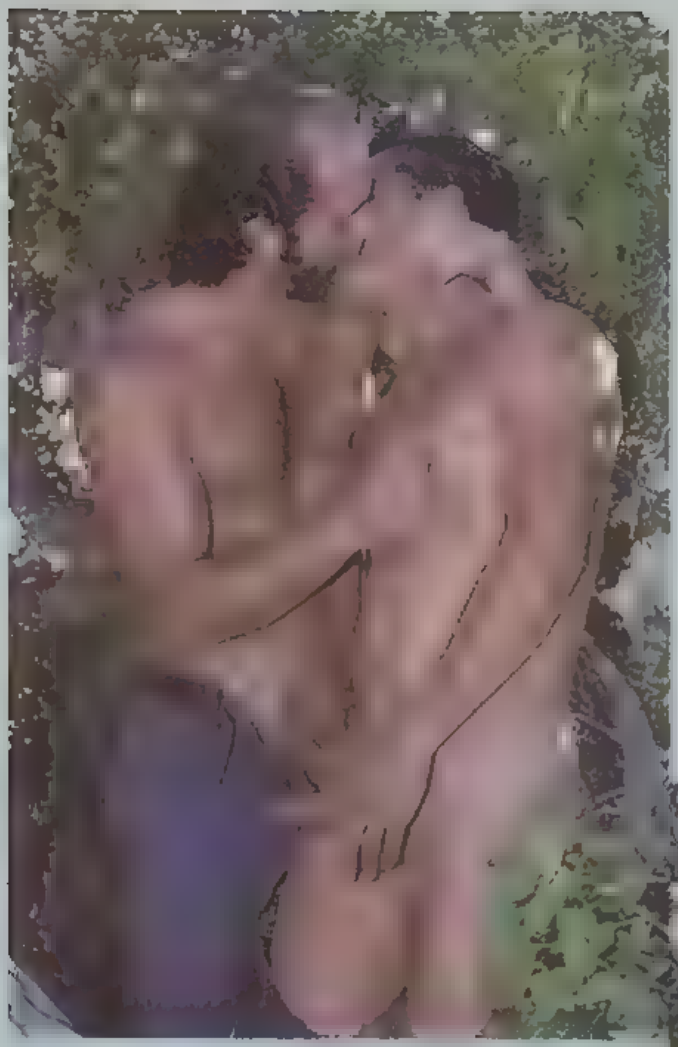

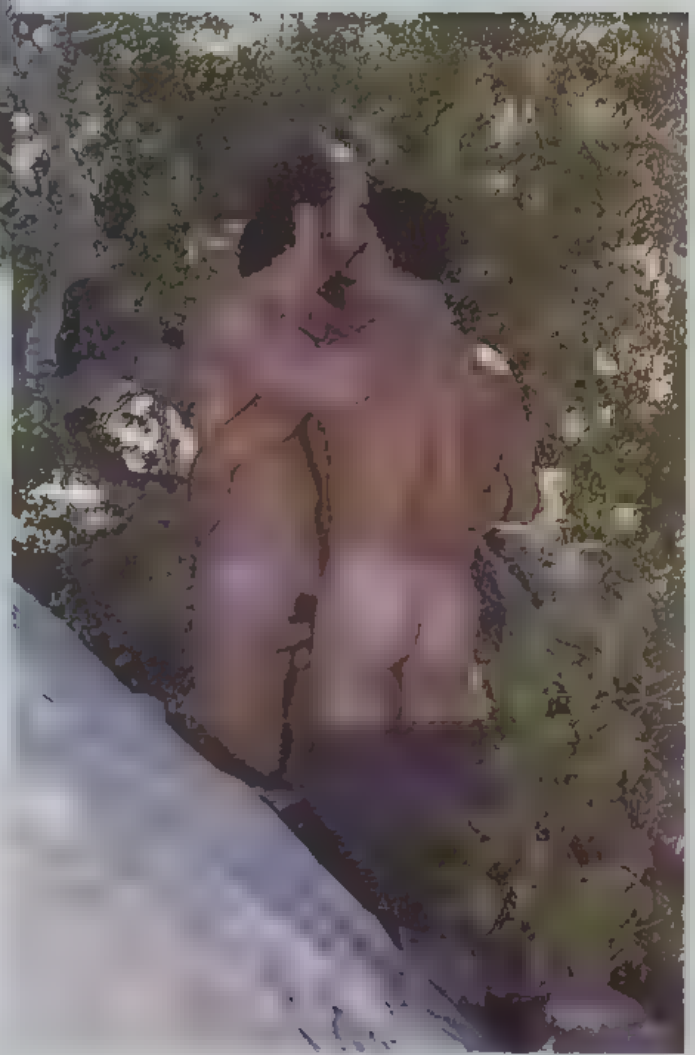

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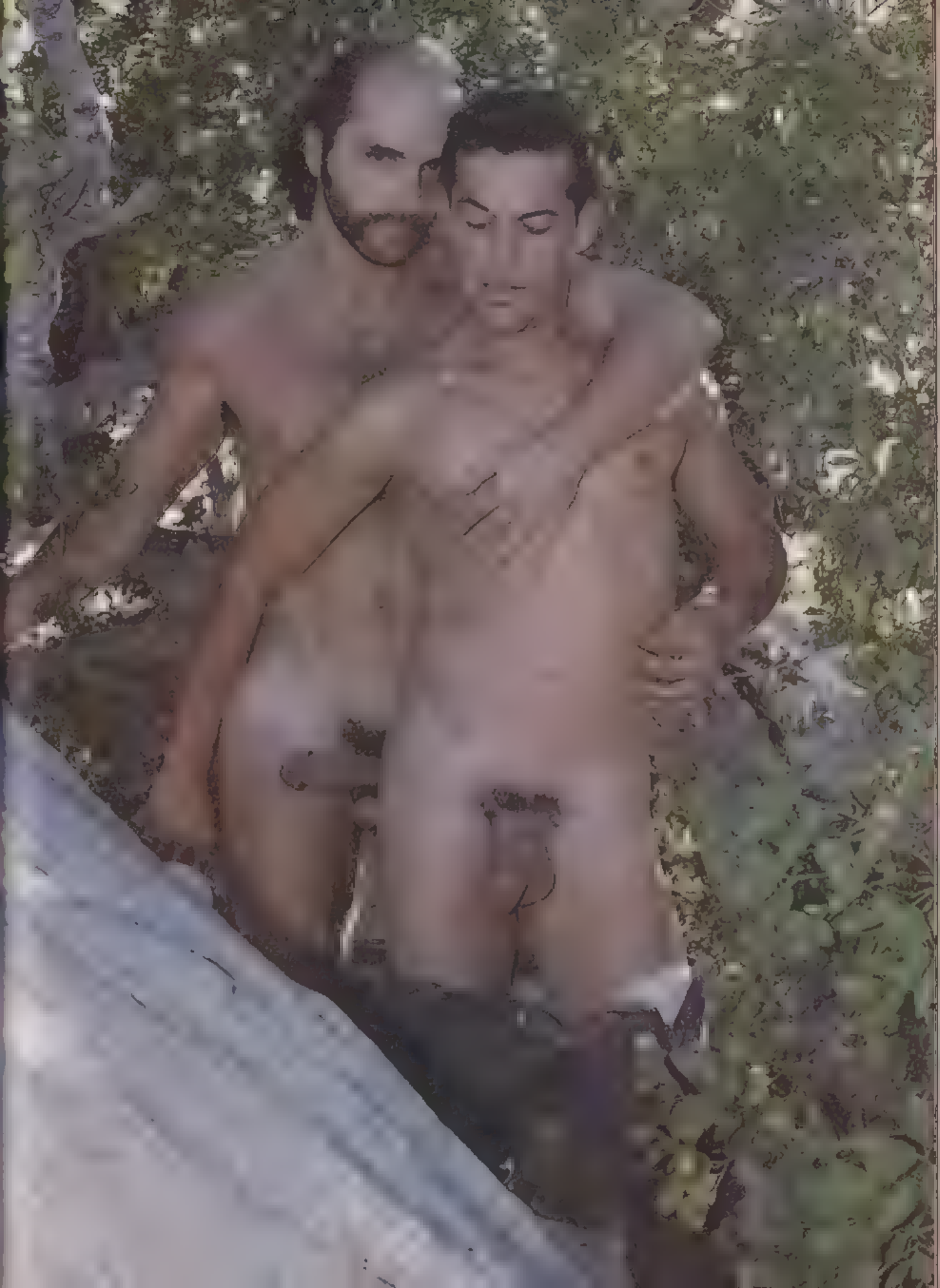

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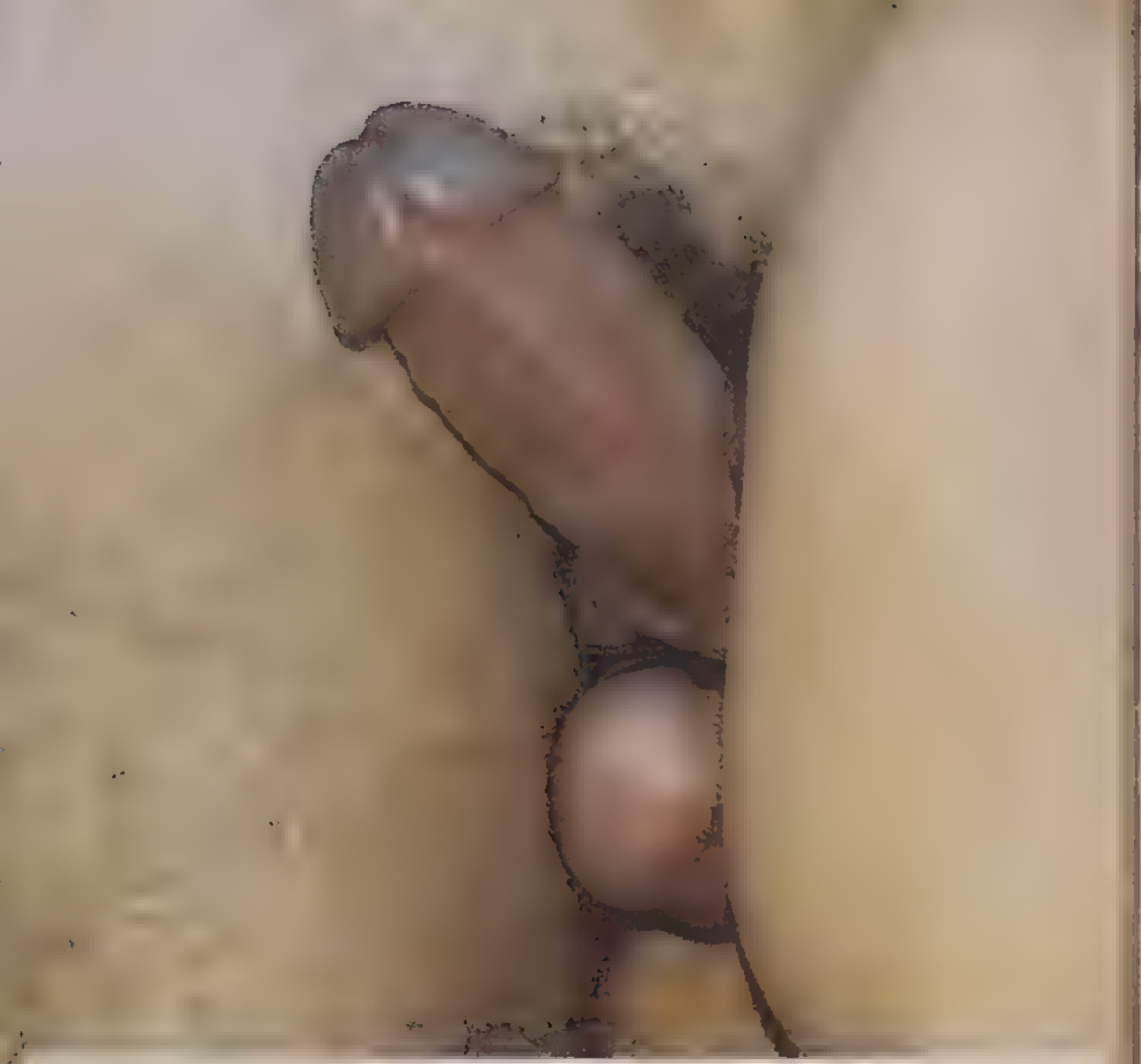

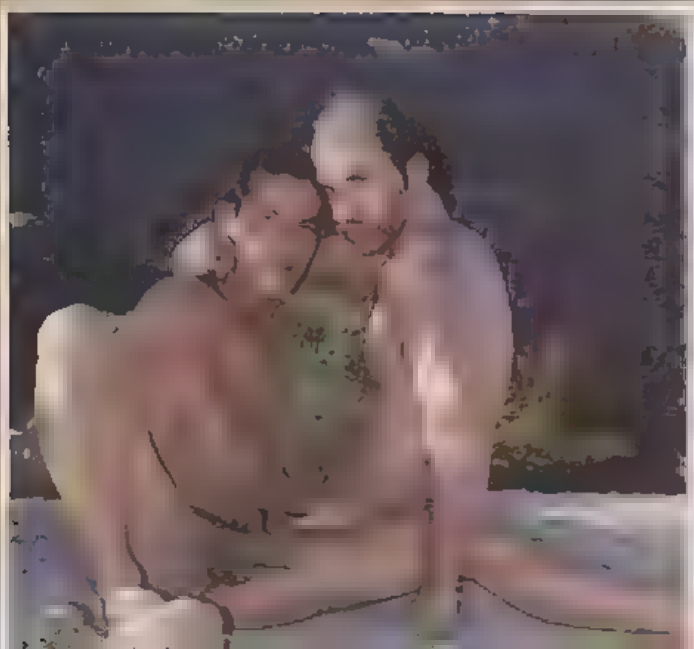

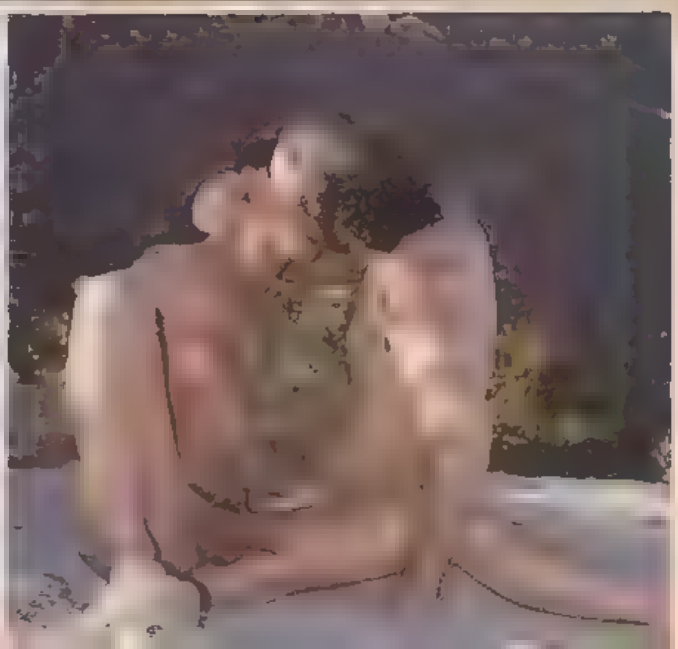

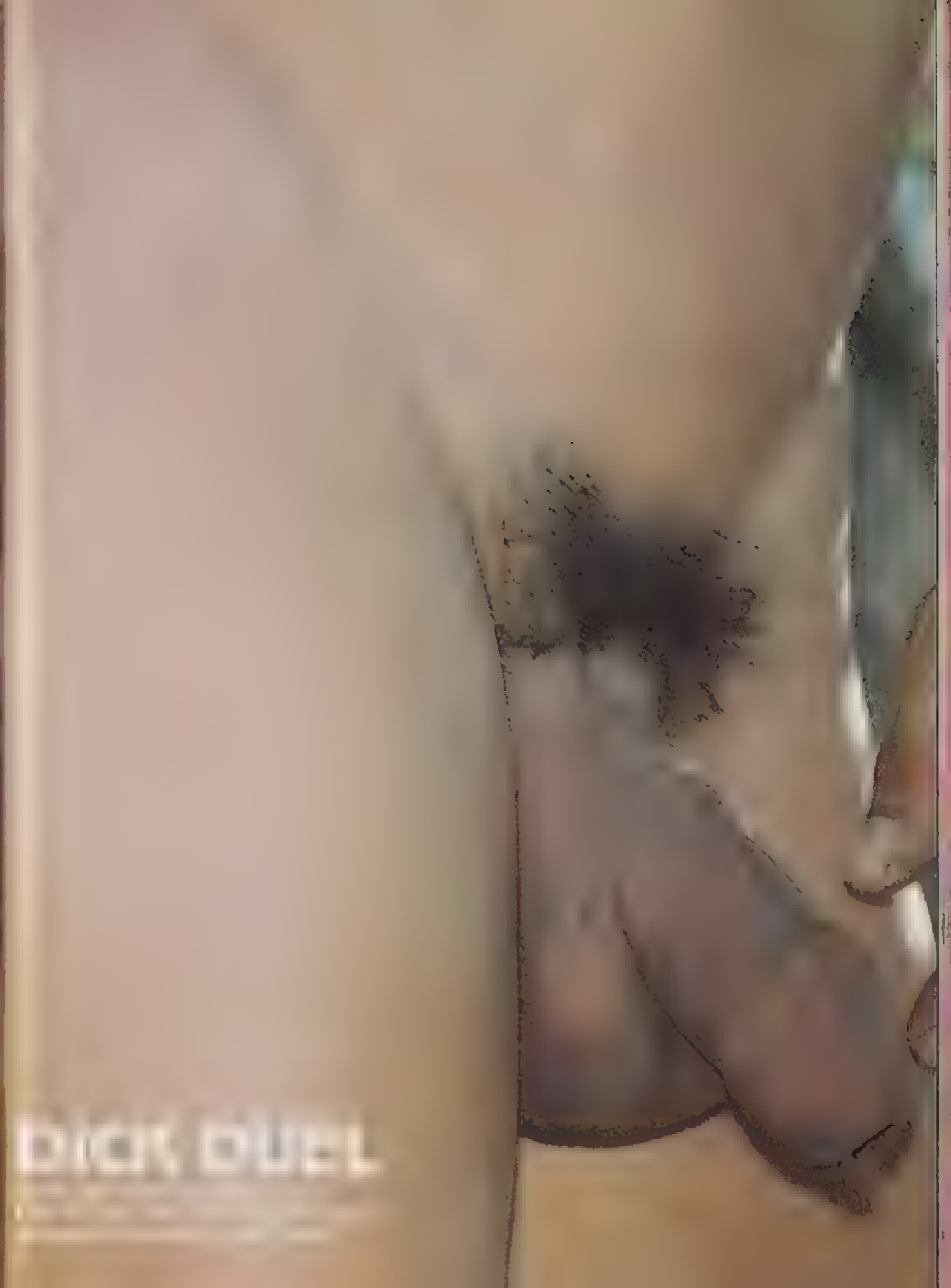
DICK BUTT

Tony had never answered an ad in a magazine before. He had a lot to give and the man in the ad looked like just the guy to cash in on it. Despite the phrase, "Will train to suit," Tony's mind was made up.

will train to suit

by Joseph Patton • Photo by Naakkve

Tony opened the door to his apartment and riffled through the mail until he found the plain brown wrapper he was searching for. With a jock's cockiness he strode into the kitchen for an ice-cold bottle of beer and took a swallow. He switched on the radio, ripped open the wrapper and leafed through the magazine.

He hardly noticed the stories and pictures. The classifieds were what interested Tony. As his hand raised the beer to his lips, his eyes ran down the lines. His pulse raced with excitement and pumped him up with adrenaline; it was there, the one he had been looking for ever since he had subscribed to the magazine.

MAN OF MEANS seeks agreeable companion, with view to living together. New York man preferred, athletic, intelligent, handsome, 21-35, Fr a/p, G/p. Will train to suit.

Tony got up and switched off the radio. He lit a cigarette and managed a slight grin as he slowly reread the qualifications: "Athletic, intelligent, handsome, 21-35, Fr a/p, G/p." Captain of his college track team, with a bachelor's in psychology, still trim and hard at 27, Tony was getting turned on something fierce just thinking about a stiff prick filling his mouth and the round hole in his ass.

Despite the phrase, "Will train to suit," which stirred up memories of Army Reserve Boot Camp, Tony's mind was made up. There wasn't a moment to lose if he wanted to be in the running. After an "interview," chemistry would decide. But Tony was determined to be the first applicant.

That night he made several rough drafts. After carefully correcting his final letter, he read it aloud and copied it out:

Sir,

I think that if anything is to be gained from corresponding with you, it is better to lay my cards on the table. I am a college-educated, 27-year-old jock. I am told I am an excellent cocksucker, and I like nothing better than spreading my cheeks for the sort of man who can give me as much as I can possibly take. If your advertisement is serious, you will find me willing to comply energetically with your desires—whatever they might be.

Yours sincerely,

Adding his name and address, Tony slipped the sheet into an envelope, sealed it, and dropped it into the mailbox. Now that I've made the opening move, Tony thought, it's up to him.

Several weeks went by without any response. Tony didn't worry; he figured the ad must have drawn a large number of replies. Meantime, he worked out, lifting weights to beef up his biceps, doing dips to define his pecs and sit-ups to accentuate his abs. He bought a new pair of jeans that showed off his tight little ass, and a leather jacket he couldn't afford. Counting on an eventual reply, Tony was convinced that everything would hinge on the first face-to-face impression.

A full month after Tony answered the ad, a letter arrived with a return address he didn't recognize. He knew at once it was an acceptance, simply because the letter had come. He stood motionless for a moment and then tore open the envelope.

Dear Tony,

The volume of letters I received in answer to my advertisement has prevented me from replying earlier, but as soon as I read yours my interest was immediately aroused.

You seem to be a young man who knows exactly what he is looking for. Quite possibly, you have found it.

Whatever you are up—or down—to, plan to be at my apartment at 5:30 p.m. on the 29th.

In the event that you prove satisfactory, I assure you that I can give you much *more* than you can possibly take.

The letter was signed "Leo." Blood thumped in Tony's temples. His mind was in a whirl. He moaned softly as his cock lengthened and thickened. Soon his hard-on was sticking straight out, tenting out his pants. Then Tony noticed the postscript at the bottom of the note: 'DO NOT SHOOT YOUR LOAD BETWEEN NOW AND THE 29th."

The night before he was supposed to meet Leo, he put on his new jeans and jacket and went to his favorite bar. He allowed himself a couple of beers, the first for thirst, another for taste. "Relax" was ricocheting off the walls, and Tony's body followed the pounding rhythm. The music, the lights, the sweaty, straining bodies on the dance floor—all were familiar to him. But something was different.

His appointment with Leo had him charged with intense excitement and anticipation.

"Tony!"

"Hey, Jay!"

"Let's dance," Jay yelled above the shriek of the music, giving Tony a "come-on" look and crooking his forefinger.

Tony joined Jay on the dance floor and lost himself in the hard, throbbing music. As the song rose to a feverish climax, the frenetic beat and pulsing rhythm made Tony feel giddy; his vision faded in and out. When the song ended he was panting for air. Great, he told himself. My heart is racing, my breath is shallow. My body is preparing me for a really great performance tomorrow.

Right at that moment, their eyes met. The leatherman's large brown eyes locked Tony's gaze to his. Even if he'd tried to look away, Tony couldn't have. The stranger striding towards him was larger, bolder, more aggressive than Tony. His touch on Tony's arm was quick and firm. He leaned in and spoke as if no one else was in the bar.

"I'll buy you a drink." He spoke with absolute authority. He herded Tony toward the stools and caught the barkeep's attention. Tony took a swallow of the beer. He knew what was happening to him, but he was helpless. He blamed it on the stranger's dark good looks, broad face, muscular chest, powerful arms; as Tony looked into those deep-set eyes and inhaled the pungent smell of the leather vest, whatever resistance Tony had left rapidly melted away.

"What's your name?"

"Tony."

The leatherman's eyes flickered. For one unreal but vivid moment Tony thought he saw tiny bolts of lightning zigzag through the dark pupils.

"Are you free this weekend?"

Tony hardly knew what to say. He hesitated.

"Finish your beer. You're coming home with me." It wasn't a question. It was a statement of fact. The barest hint of a grin flashed across the stranger's square-jawed face. "I'm Leo."

Tony exhaled deeply and gripped the bottle of beer tight in his hands as if to make sure he wasn't dreaming. His eyes raced down Leo's tight, hard chest and all the way up again to his face, his lips, his eyes.

"C'mon."

Tony had to hurry to keep up with Leo, and he stopped when Leo stopped in the sudden stillness outside the bar. Tony felt sweat running down his arms and sides. The bulge in his tight jeans was so huge it was almost grotesque.

"Get inside," Leo said, opening the car door. Tony did as he was told. "Strip."

Had he heard right? Tony wondered.

The next thing Tony knew Leo was sitting behind the wheel and automatically locking the doors. "I said strip." His voice was low and hoarse. He grabbed a handful of Tony's tender balls and gave them a squeeze. Quick as he could, Tony ripped off his jacket, shirt, and jeans and threw them behind him. As Leo eased into traffic he unzipped his jeans. Naked under the leather, he pulled out his stiffened cock. Mmm, Tony thought, lickety thick. He went for it immediately, but Leo angrily thrust his head away.

"Not without permission, boy," he barked.

Things were starting to come into focus inside Tony's brain. "Yes, sir."

Leo stopped for a red light. Somewhere a siren wailed. Tony didn't, couldn't take his eyes off Leo's huge cock. Suddenly, Leo grabbed Tony by the back of the head and within seconds Leo's prick was only inches away from Tony's face. "Go for it," he said.

Tony expelled a sigh of relief. He tasted the sweet oily fluid leaking at the tip before opening his mouth and taking the topmost three or four inches. Tony clenched his own cock in one hand and began to pump. Leo pulled Tony's face out of his crotch only long enough to say: "Keep your hands off your fuckin' meat until I tell you otherwise."

"Yes, sir."

"Work on *my* cock."

Leo started ramming his cock down Tony's throat, shoving hard and deep and grunting, "Oh, SHIT...yes...YES...suck that cock. YEAH! You fuckin' cocksucker!"

Leo applied the brakes and Tony took every inch of Leo's fattening cock down his throat, licking the underside with every upstroke. Leo's thighs rocked and a sudden blast of rich cream spurted out of his cockhole into Tony's mouth. Another splash of semen shot past his tongue and slid down his throat. There was the creak of leather as Leo's ribcage heaved and fell and his breathing slowly returned to normal. Then, as if nothing out of the way had happened: "Put on your jeans."

Tony let Leo's cock drop out of his mouth, whirled around, and grabbed his jeans. By the time Tony got them on, Leo was already out of the car, hands on hips. Naked to the waist, Tony got out and followed.

Once inside the apartment, Tony piped up, "Strip, sir?"

Leo grinned. "It goes without saying."

Tony was out of his jeans in two seconds flat, his long, slender cock standing upright, flat against his belly, just below his navel.

"Hmm," Leo grunted with approval.

"In the event that you prove satisfactory, I assure you that I can give you much more than you can possibly take." The letter was boldly signed "Leo." Blood thumped in Tony's cock. He was about to jack off until he noticed the postscript at the bottom of the letter: "Do not shoot your load between now and the 29th."

"Not bad for a cocksucker"

"Thank you, sir."

Leo leaned against the door and freed his still-stiff cock from the jeans that encased his thighs like a luxurious second skin. "Kneel," he told Tony.

Tony followed the order and stared respectfully at Leo's cock. He knew better now than to suck it into his mouth without permission.

Leo lifted Tony's head to meet his look. "When a man gives me head, I like him to suck it long and slow. Flick your tongue around the head. Go ahead, do it. That's it. Take it in your mouth, tighten your lips around it. Now, down, down. Yeah. Start sucking."

It was purely automatic when Tony's hand dropped to grab his own cock; then he remembered Leo's warning and jerked it away.

"You're learning."

At first Tony didn't know what to do with his hands, but finally settled on putting them behind his back.

"Attaboy, attaboy."

Tony kept his mouth taut as he moved it slowly, then rapidly, up and down Leo's cock. As instructed, he gave lots of tongue, constantly flicking the head. He made it clear, with soft purring sounds, that he was in heaven. His cock rose into the air, big and hard, and his face bobbed up and down with the rest of his body. Leo's thighs began to tremble, signaling his imminent orgasm. Tony sucked his hardest. Leo groaned, furiously shoving his cock deep down the corridor of Tony's throat. He groaned again, holding Tony's head down with his huge hands. Tony moaned long and low. Leo unleashed a surge of semen. His spasming cock was nearly choking Tony, but Tony stayed down until Leo pulled out, then kissed Leo's cock and balls slavishly.

Tony gazed up at his master. Leo smiled. "You didn't exaggerate. You're an excellent cocksucker because you enjoy it."

Leo was right. Semen-slurping just came naturally to Tony. When he saw a really good-looking man, the first thing he thought was, I'd love to suck his cock.

Abruptly, Leo pulled Tony to his feet and whirled him around. "Spread your legs and grab your ankles." Tony did as he was told. "Show me what you're offering me."

Tony's smooth ass had just a tuft of downy blond hair along the crack. He raised his butt, relaxed the muscles until the round hole in his ass was prominent-

Continued to page 76

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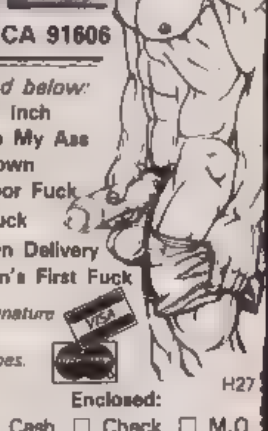

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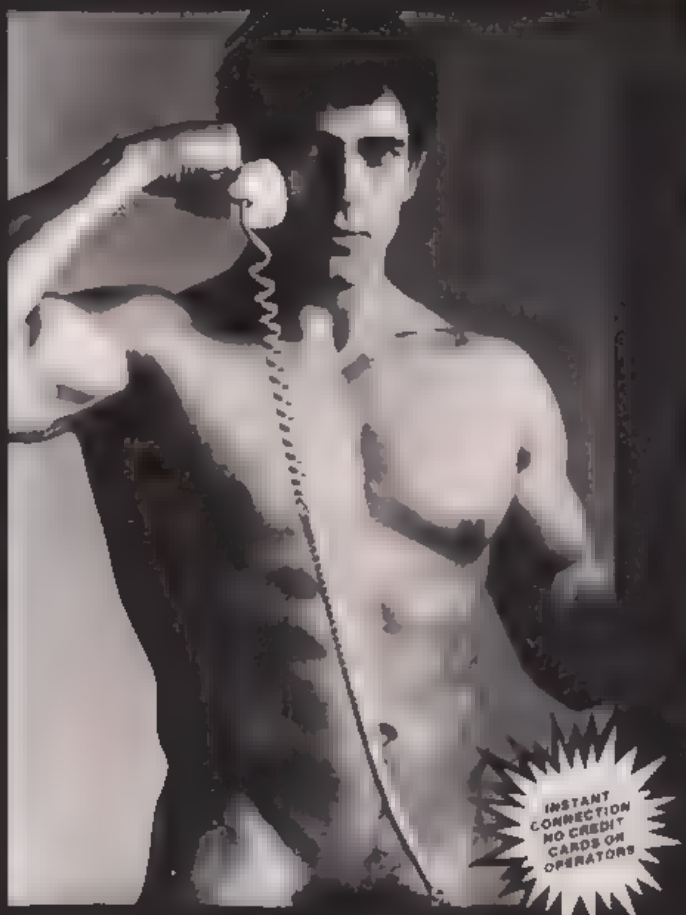

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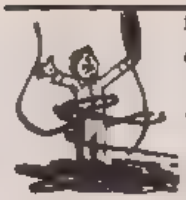

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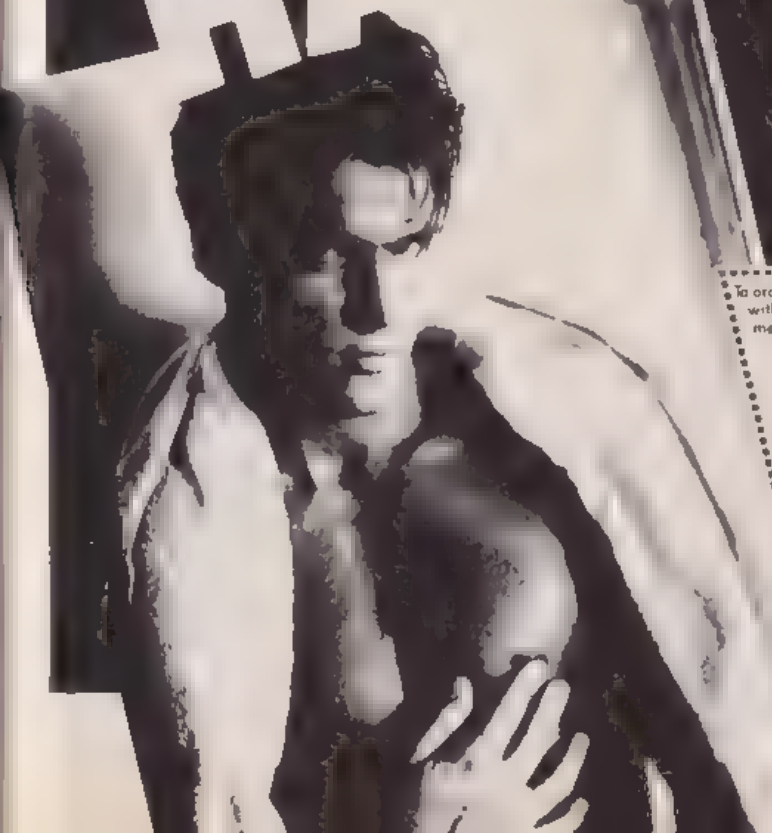

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WILL TRAIN TO SUIT

Continued from page 71

ly, invitingly displayed. Tony was a sucker for cock, but nothing turned him on so much as the prostate-pleasing sensations of getting screwed. Leo lubed his fingers with a tube of lubricant and dipped his middle finger up Tony's fuckhole. Tony's bass grunts filled the air. "If you want it that bad," Leo said sternly, "open it up." Tony concentrated on loosening up. Suddenly Leo jabbed three fingers deep into Tony's expanding chute. Tony struggled to keep from falling forward: he felt as if he were sailing through the air

Leo removed his fingers and pulled Tony close, letting his aroused cock touch Tony's quivering rosebud. "I know you can suck cock. The question is: are you a good fuck?" Leo slipped on a slick rubber and rammed his condom-covered cock in all the way to the hilt.

"Got you by the tail, boy." Leo coughed out a hoarse laugh.

"I love it, sir."

Leo settled into a steady, rhythmic fuck. He pushed Tony to the floor, buried his cock in Tony's slippery chute, and held. "What do you love?"

"I love your perfect cock."

"You forgot something, asshole! What do you call me?"

"Sir. I love your perfect cock, *sir*."

Satisfied, Leo stabbed deeper into Tony's moist manhole, his cock a shaft of tempered steel. He fucked faster and faster. He drove in and out of Tony's clenching pussy as Tony continued to chant: "...perfect cock...perfect cock " Suddenly Leo reared up and pounded his rippling thighs against Tony's. He groaned and clamped his hand over Tony's mouth. Tony shut up. Leo gasped and jerked his cock out of Tony's ass. He whipped the condom off his convulsing cock and shot a jet of hot sticky juice onto Tony's bare back. Tony glanced over his shoulder; glistening droplets of white semen covered the smooth flesh at the small of his back, wetting the soft blond hairs and puddling here and there.

Spent and fatigued,Leo slumped to the floor alongside Tony, and together they lay on their sides. Without saying a word, Leo rubbed his fingers across the smooth, flat flesh of Tony's belly. "You're a fantastic fuck," he whispered. Then Leo took Tony's cock in his hand and lightly teased it. For the first time the topman's touch was gentle, almost caressing

Suddenly Leo got to his feet. He put his hands on his hips, lifted his eyes to the ceiling, exhaled deeply, and slowly shook his head. "You were born to serve. You're a slave, Tony, and I'm your master. You know, slaves are a different breed They only serve their masters. Can you handle that?"

"It's what I want, exactly what I want, *all* I want "

"Stay hot. This is only the beginning There's more in store. Much, much more."

Tony didn't know exactly what Leo had in mind, but with the look in his blazing blue eyes, the slave told the master that he was burning to learn ■

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HEAVYHAULERS

Continued from page 28

guided it between his hairy buttocks. The saliva-coated head met resistance, but gradually sank into the warm recess. Neil's knees rose to form a human chairback, he took the driver's turgid meat in both hands and stroked

The possessed man rose and fell, impaling himself on Neil's warm shaft over and over. Every nerve in the boy's body seemed connected to the head of his dick, as it plunged deeper and deeper into bliss. Bear was doing all the work, which allowed Neil to think of nothing but his own pleasure. Neil's head twisted from side to side, his teeth bared in an ecstatic grimace

When he came, a cry ripped from Neil's throat and reverberated within the metal chamber. Seconds later, Bear let loose a second stream that spurted up the boy's chest and pelted his throat and chin For the first time that night, Neil tasted semen.

• • • • •

"Hey, John, see you later"

"Where you goin, Neil? This is Friday night. You just got here."

"Think I'll go into town and see what's shakin' at Zack's."

Neil waved and pushed through the glass doors and into the night.

His pickup roared to life, and he pushed Springsteen back into the tape player. Neil's hand went to a piece of paper nestled in his breast pocket He and Bear had exchanged numbers. As he accelerated onto the interstate, Springsteen's voice blared from the speakers. But all Neil could hear were Bear's words spoken only minutes earlier, words he had never heard before, words he had resigned himself to *never* hearing. .

"I'll call you when I come through next week. We'll grab a bite to eat and catch a movie or somethin'"■

THE STUD'S SURPRISE

Continued from page 60

tion as from the thrill. Thinking all the while of the hairy mounds of Dolores' sex, Xaviar played up the backside of the ballsac, toward the hairless pink-ridged asshole. Don gave a strange, gutteral cry and gnawed at Xaviar's dick with increased vigor as Xaviar touched the tip of his tongue inside the beckoning, musky opening. Don's peculiar growling grew louder as Xaviar began squeezing Don's throbbing dick. Don came almost instantly, shooting a scalding load all over Xaviar's chest. Big white globs of cum burned the man's skin. Don yelled wildly as the last drops dribbled out. The minute he finished coming, he went down on Xaviar once more. Xaviar was so turned on he took Don's softening dick into his mouth! Both came again, simultaneously, and Xaviar nursed on Don's cock until it had y elded every last drop of juice. Afterwards, they lay exhaused—not touching and yet connected somehow—listening to the rain splattering on the windows.

"I told you you'd like it," Don chuckled

"You were right." Still, Xaviar was having second thoughts about what he'd done in the heat of passion But it was undeniable: he had liked it

"Before we're done, I intend to have that big cock of yours up my ass"

Xaviar laughed. "I'm not sure I'm up to it"

"You will be," Don assured him, "you will be!"

Xaviar tried his best to concentrate on Dolores, but it was difficult She was a world away from him He looked at the blond boy, so free, so generous with his body. Xaviar felt his dick begin to harden.

Don smiled and reached into his satchel for some lube. "See, what'd I tell you?" he said jauntily.

Don helped him into position and he slipped inside. The whispy vision of Dolores began to fade. Just before her image dissolved into oblivion, Xaviar heard her say once again, teasingly, "No. No. Not till we're married" Then there was nothing before him except Don's smiling face..

"Yes. Yes Now."■

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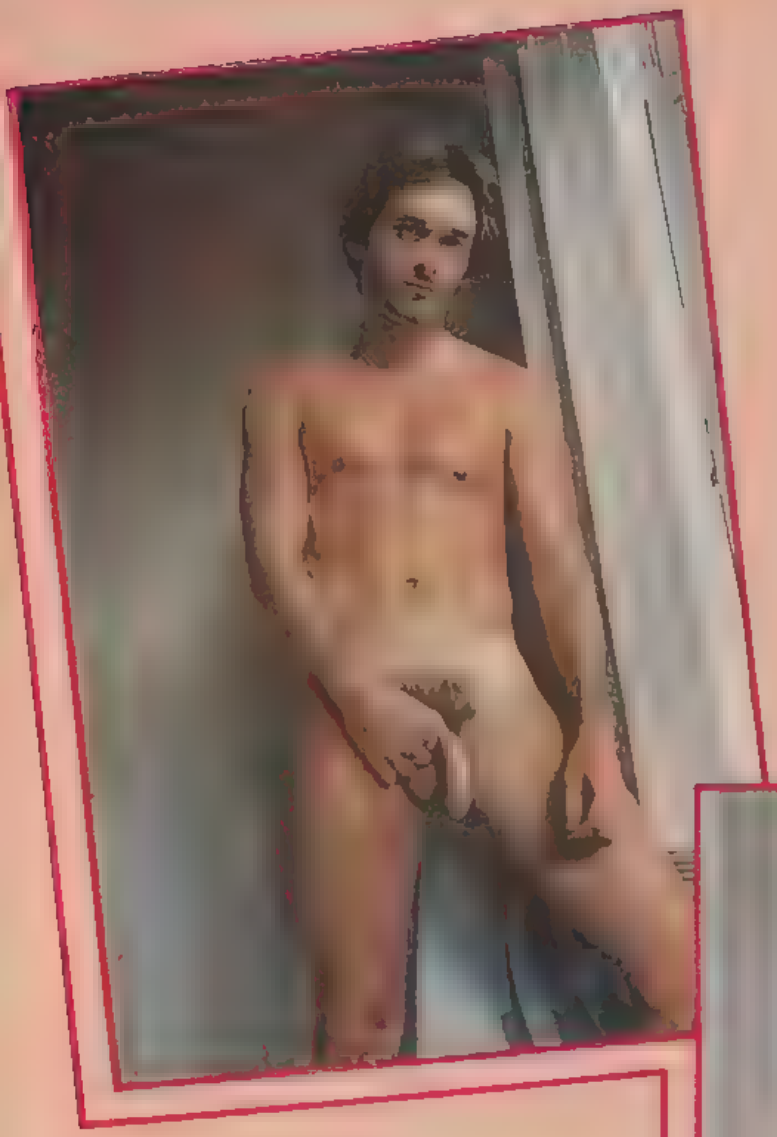
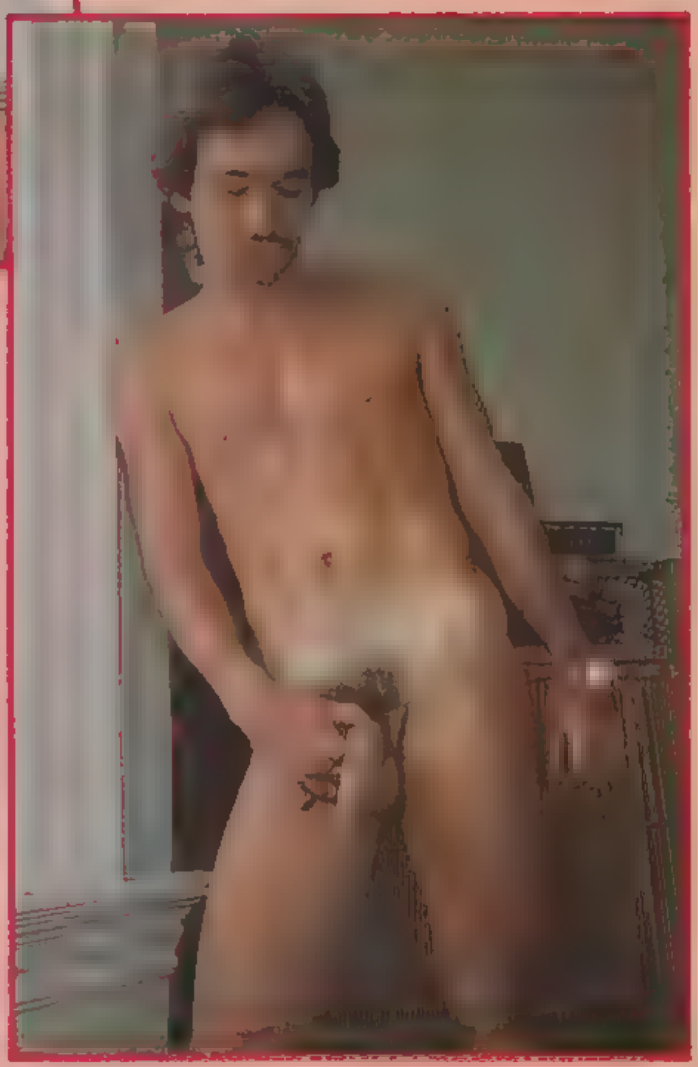
OPERATOR





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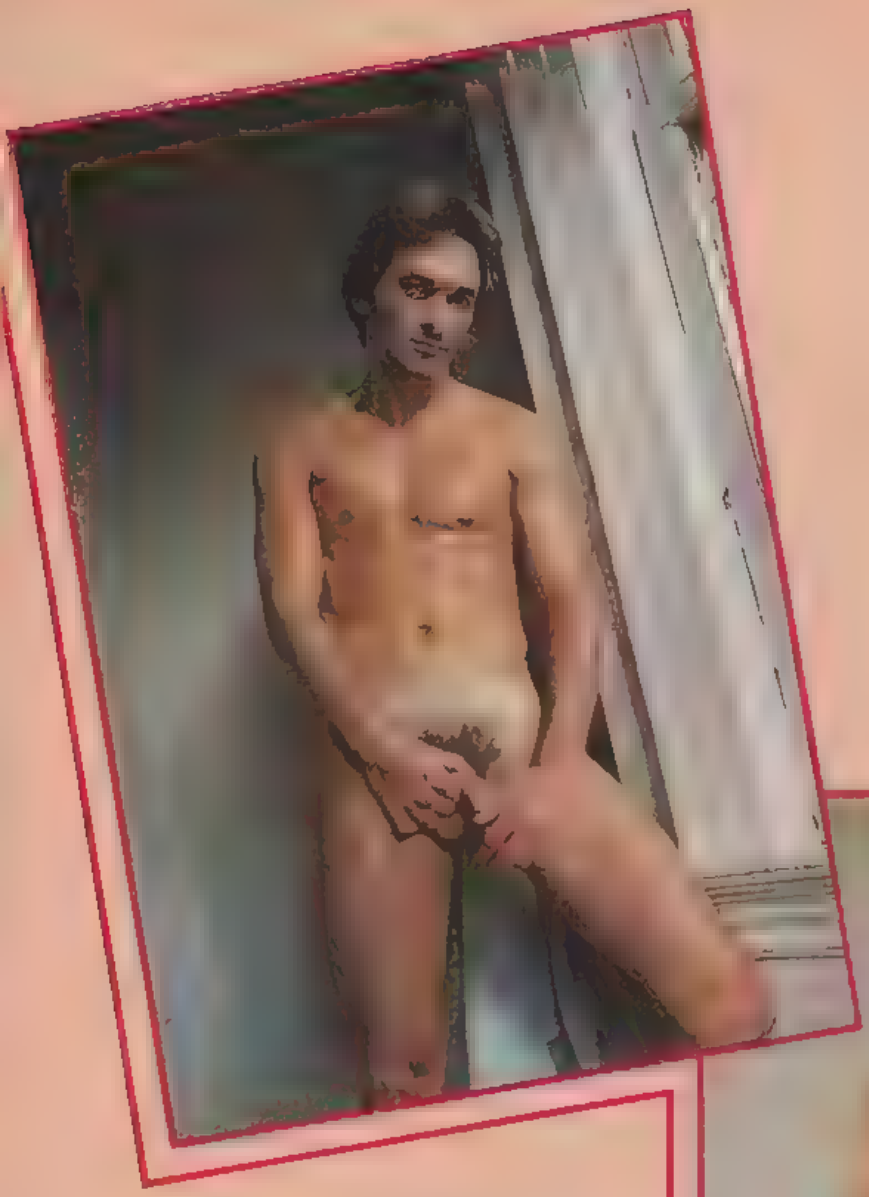

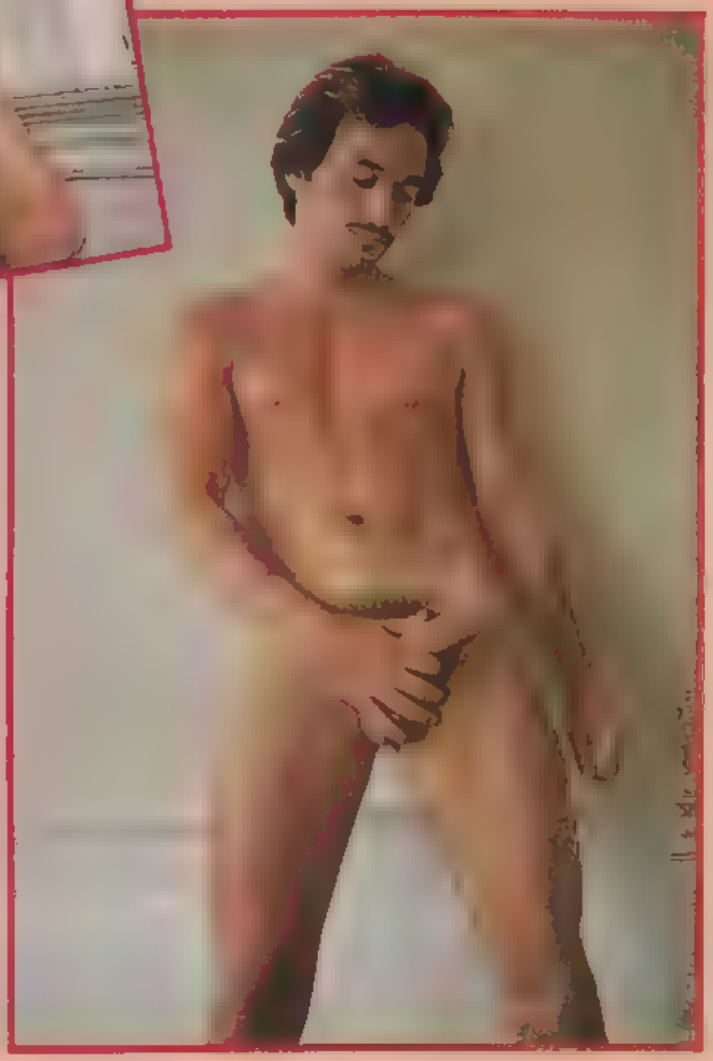

SMOOTH OPERATOR

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3/1/86	6/1/86
4/1/86	7/1/86

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ARIZONA

DADDY'S BOY/SLAVE.

Sought for monogamous relationship by 6', 165 lbs, 38, mature, stable, industrious, masculine, straight acting and appearing, supportive, extremely affectionate and cuddly who seeks the same. You: like deep throat, body worship, light B&D, are intelligent, good looking, 18-28, athletic, muscular, and extremely smooth hairless skinned guy. Must be able to relocate. No drugs, cigarettes and drink occasionally. Robert, 5823 North Invergordon Road, Scottsdale, AZ 85253.

HOT & HORNY COWBOY

Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751

ALABAMA

PENPALS

Attractive GWM, 24, 5'8", 150, brown/blue, versatile, seeks correspondents 18-35. Letter w/photo, fantasies· Paul, P.O. Box 550295, Birmingham, AL 35255-0295.

CALIFORNIA

DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. P.S. Correspondence from any state or country welcome.

TWO VERSATILE EAST BAY

w/Buddies, 35/40 looking for 3rd. We're into leather, boots, uniforms, toys, tits, balls, bondage, D/S, creative safe-sex Want to play? Tell us about yourself, your fantasies. 484 Lakepark #190, Oakland, CA 94670

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also: fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

COLORADO

VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME

Sexy, intelligent, gdlkg stud seeks same 18-35. Photo gets mine. Box 167, Greeley, CO 80631

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Good looking/straight acting Bi/WM, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611

FLORIDA

FIREMEN/COPS

Wanted by hot, goodlooking, bi, 36, very uninhibited yet safe, healthy & discreet. Turn on to gear, uniforms, stories. Scott, PO. Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. 305-863-9333. Thanks, dudes!

FULL EROTIC SENSUOUS MASSAGE

By handsome Bi-WM Safe, discreet, male or female, in or out. Chad 305-894-0148 Orlando

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

SCULPTURED BODY

W/M 24, 6', 170 lbs. Extremely good looking, tan muscular body, smooth skin, cute ass. Prefer smooth bodies, 18-25. Nude photo and phone a must: 2009 NE 22nd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305.

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD" SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"

Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

GAINESVILLE AREA

Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

LONELY WHITE FLORIDA MALE INMATE

23 yr. old 6'0", 170 lbs. Sincere and loyal looking for anyone with a good heart that isn't afraid to take a chance on me. Would like to share some care and warmth. William Thompson #053779, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091

GEORGIA

STUD BROTHERS

Ranchers. Clint 40, 5'9", 160. Bi. Hairy. Salt/pepper hair/moustache. Hung 9" × 5½" around. Mike, 30, 6', 165. Straight Tan. Black hair/moustache. Hung 8½" × 5" around. Invite letters, calls, and visits from masculine men, especially those who travel in our area regularly. Esp. truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, firemen, and salesmen We are for real You be, too. WE DO NOT WANT PHONE SEX. We want the real thing. CTJ, P.O. Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709 (912) 924-4038, weekdays, 8AM–5PM; some nights 9–11PM Ask for Clint or Mike.

MASCULINE, MUSCULAR

Healthy hot man into 35mm self-photography, bikinis, j/o sessions. M.M., P.O. Box 1472, Lilburn, GA 30247

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Seeking pilots, F/A's, ramp or ground crew—Coast to Coast I'm handsome, 6', 170, 30, W/M Ready to overnight and travel Photo gets mine. Box 20315, Atlanta, GA 30325.

VERY WEALTHY

Masculine Top GWM 34 seeks young man ?-22 for companionship. Must be honest, clean, and willing to relocate. I have much to offer. Only sincere boys need apply. Box 3205, Atlanta, GA 30302

ILLINOIS

LONELY, Y/W/M

Seeking relationship with caring person Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

HOT AND HUNGRY

Guaranteed clean—Good looking GWM, straight acting and looking—5'9" Brn, Blu, moustache, hot ass and cock (7½") with insatiable appetite for sex, looking for a clean guy my age (32) to 45, married OK—discretion. Scott, 1507 Locust #107, Elkhart, IN 46514

KENTUCKY

SHY, GOODLOOKING, GWM,

5'10", 150, brown/green seeks handsome, masculine topman 18-35. No fats, fems, blacks. Discretion assured. Send photo, letter. P.O. Box 43421, Louisville, KY 40243-0421

LOUISIANA

ALTERNATIVE

For a change in style or color—Men's Human Hair full wigs—uncut 6 to 8 inch lengths—Beards etc. Send SASE to A.Y.L.I. Office, PO Box 740339, New Orleans, LA 70174.

IOWA

GWM-TOP 6'4" 195 LBS.

Blue eyes, moustache, 36 yrs. seeks young males 18-27 needing to be dominated. Send letter of submission. Photo a plus. P.O. Box 94101, Des Moines, Iowa 50394

MICHIGAN

MARRIED, BI

Masculine, sensuous, seeks same. Randy, P.O. Box 6081, Jackson MI 49204.

DADDY LOOKING FOR BOY

18-23 who wants to serve Daddy and his friends. Write J.E.B., P.O. Box 99276, Troy, MI 48099. Photo, Phone # and best time to call.

WM, 39, MARRIED, MASCULINE,

Congenial, Discreet For Fun/Friendship. P.O. Box 91, Muskegon, MI 49443

MISSOURI

BODYBUILDER

Masculine GWM, 5' 10", 195 lbs. Attractive, seeks same. Ages 20-35 (sexy), for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal and sexy data and photos gets reply. PO Box 40305, Kansas City, MO 64141

NEBRASKA

GWM-SUBMISSIVE-BOTTOM

Medium build, 35, 5'2½", 135 lbs., straight acting. Seeks dominant, muscular, horny, cut hunks with hairy chests in need of oral stimulation. Hot mouth and ass needs your big thick tool. Truckers Welcome. Discretion a must. No Fats, Fems, Blacks. P.O. Box 31415, Omaha, NE 68131

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WM 29 5'11" 155,

into hot J/O, seeks others for intense action. Photos get mine. Box 13, Nashua, NH 03061-0013.

NEW JERSEY

COLLEGE STUDENT

Seeks same for friendship. Relationship or sex possible. Penpals OK. Box 772, Northfield, NJ 08225.

NORTH JERSEY NEEDS HELP

GWM 33 5'8" 185 lb. Br Hair, Gr Eyes. Just moved to NJ and looking for friend to share good times. Enjoy reading, music, quiet romantic evenings. Honest, sincere, straight acting, looking for same. Sexually versatile and health conscious. Send photo and letter to Bob, P.O. Box 538, Sparta, NJ 07871

GWM 38, 5'9"

Brn/Brn, 165. Versatile, Friendly Fr/Act/Pass. Seeks Masc. Gay/Bis For Good Times. Bob, P.O. Box 1245, Union, N J 07083

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462

NEW YORK

BIMWM

30, good looking, 155, hot & horny. Wants other hot men for safe, fun times. Discretion assured. If you're horny for dick with no hassles, contact David, Box 134 Dewitt, NY 13214.

HORNY 19 YR OLD VIRGIN

W/M 5'5", 130 lbs., extremely good looking, dark, sensual skin with cute ass just waiting for you. If you are white, good looking, have a gorgeous body, and are 18-24 yrs. old, show me how great sex with another guy is. Nude photo and phone a must. Box 353, Elmont NY 11003.

G/W/M VIRGIN

Brown/green 5'11", 155 lbs., 31", 23, looking for G/W/M 18-35 for good times. No drugs, no fats, no fems. Photo, phone (Plus) will answer all (Hurry). Write: Box Holder, P.O. Box 507, Vails Gate, NY 12584

TOP/BOTTOM

BI/W/M 32 looking for same to have fun and explore together. Write your fantasies to PO Box 24661 Rochester, NY 14624

HOT MOUTH

craves hairy, masculine men (25-45). GWM, 31, 5'9", 150 lbs., hairy body. Handsome and hung. No cock has ever penetrated my tight butt. Looking for businessmen, preppies, athletes, married men. Send descriptive letter/revealing photo. CR, 600 W. 58th St , Suite 9150, NYC 10019

GOOD LOOKING/GWM

I am looking for a Greek or Turkish guy 19-30, good looking, to enjoy love, sex and life. I could share everything with the right person. No fats, fems, drugs, S/M. Nice cock and big welcome. Send photo. 892 Spur Dr. So., Bay Shore, NY 11706

HOT COLLEGE FRESHMAN

Attractive, gentle, sincere. Live next to Fingerlakes Mall. Seeks men up to 35 for friends, good times, sex. Possible relationship. Box 238 Fosterville Road, Auburn, NY 13021

BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED
by tall horny guy, 27, 6' 4", 190 lbs. (212) 874-0296

TWO YNG GUYS
Seek yng well defined Body Builders. Tony (718) 762-2544; Box 1026, Woodside, NY 11377-1026.

LOVER OR ROOMMATE
BM, 40, 5'6", 140. Retired from military I am warm, sincere, clean, healthy and straight appearing. Live in upper middle class area, with conv. 2 bedroom apt. Like to meet a guy 18-25. Will be good to the right person and take care of you. No fems, drugs, weirdos or prisoners. P.O. Box 604, Scarsdale, NY 10583

OHIO

GWM,19, 5'9", 155
Br/Blu, college jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meat you soon! Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered Write: Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Alvada, OH 44802

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,
Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

SINCERE, LONELY, ATTRACTIVE
GWM (38, 150 lbs, beard, moustache) looking for others for friendship, possible relationship. P.O. Box 1683, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

YNG, BLOND SLAVE
Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30), gdlkng smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8½" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, W/S, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oiltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

FRIENDS & LOVERS
Dom GBM 59 155 lbs Seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats fems or tvs. Occupant, PO Box 166, Lebanon, PA 17402

BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.
Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest, mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply. Photo, phone. 717-323-1599.

NORTHWESTERN PA,
Or Western NY. Bi, 128, 5'6" White, Good build, Athletic, 42. Write and include photo. Jack Anderson, Box 982, Ellicottville, NY 14731

HARRISBURG AREA
GWM, 22, blond, blue, 5'3", 170 lbs. Handsome, good personality, sincere, straight looking/acting. Seeking same to 30 for friendship and possible relationships. Please include photo. Write to Ernie, PO Box 6, Millersburg, PA 17061

SOUTH CAROLINA

BWM PROFESSIONAL
Seeks same for sincere friendship. Likes sports, workouts, outdoors. Occupant, PO Box 168, Aiken, SC 29802

W/M WANTS BODYBUILDER
or muscular football-type to share first experience with. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. PO. Box 42189, Columbia SC 29240.

TEXAS

NEED FT HOOD AREA DADDY
G/Mex/26 yrs/Bl hair/Br eyes/6 inch uncut cock/130 lbs. Need Ft Hood area Daddy to service and worship his manly body. For hot manly cuddle and horny sex. Like all types of music, jogging, dancing, movies, quiet times. I don't smoke or do any heavy drinking. No SM/BD, Fats, Fems, Scat, Pain, Blacks, Mex, Orient. Just horny hot manly men who wants daddy's little man to service him. Write Bobby Garcia, 204 Allen St, Coppers Cove, TX 76522 (817) 547-8064

VIRGINIA

MASCULINE, MUSCULAR,
Daddy. Hairy, trim beard, hung, un-cut, 38, 5'9", 150 lbs. Sexually versatile, basically top. Reply w/photo. K. Noble, Box 13, Arlington, VA 22210. No fats, fem, or GBM

WASHINGTON

HOT 29 Y/O BI/W/M SINGLE
Seeks very hairy bearded/heavy mous man 30-42 for hot action. Prefer men 8" or more, married discreet men O.K. I'm 5'10" Dk. Brn. hair, green eyes, cut thick, and very hot. Send letter with photo (preferably nude) and I'll write back. I'd like my hairy fantasies to cum true. Write to. Larry P.O. Box 5125, Olympia, Washington 98503.

WISCONSIN

GWM 26, 6' 195 lbs.
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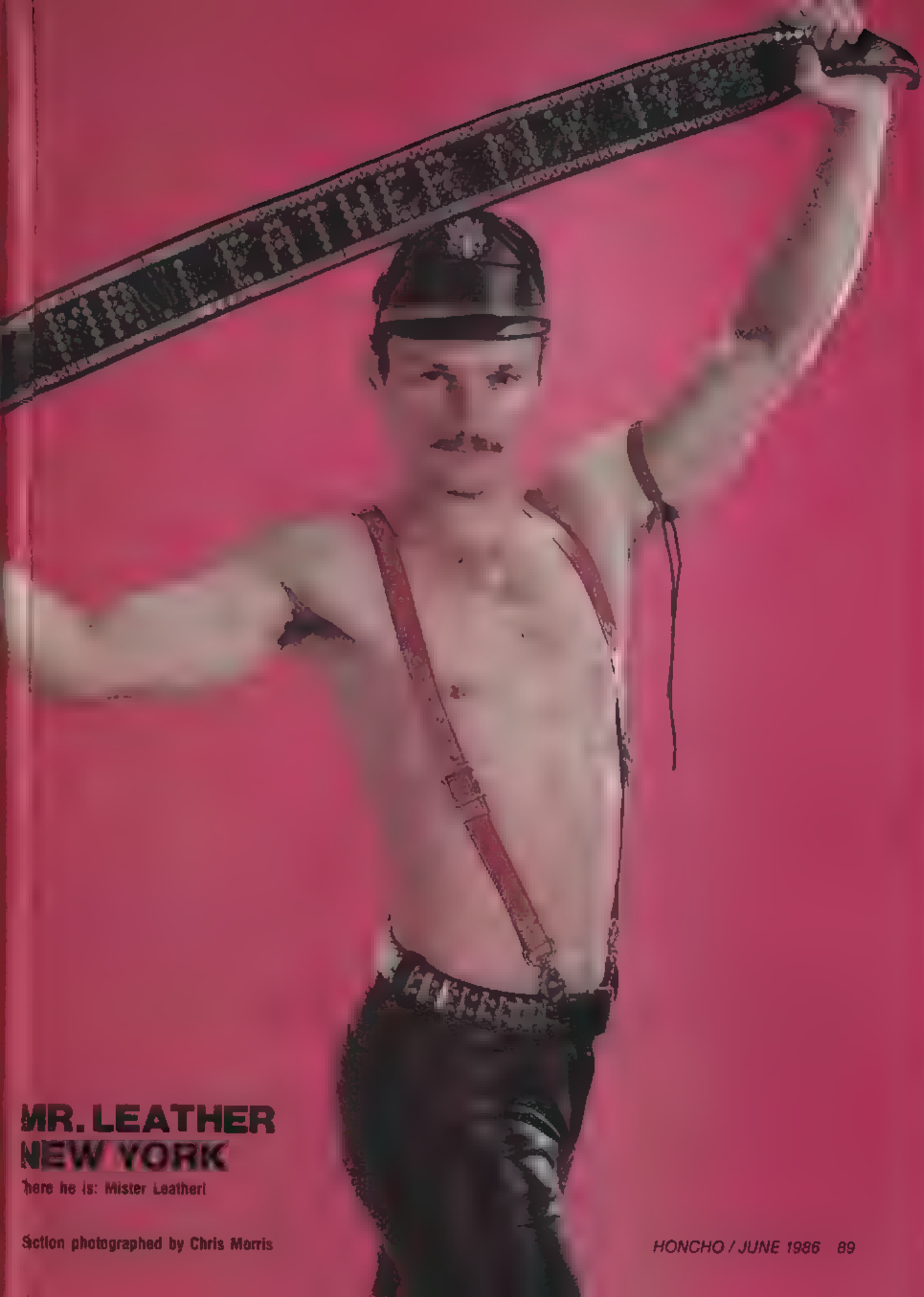

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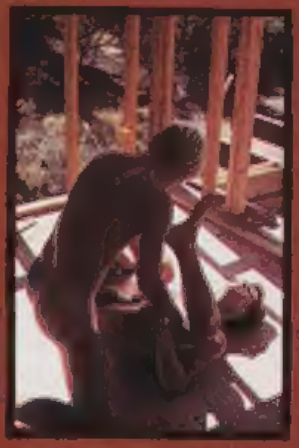

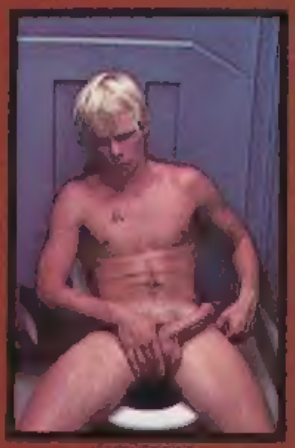

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